

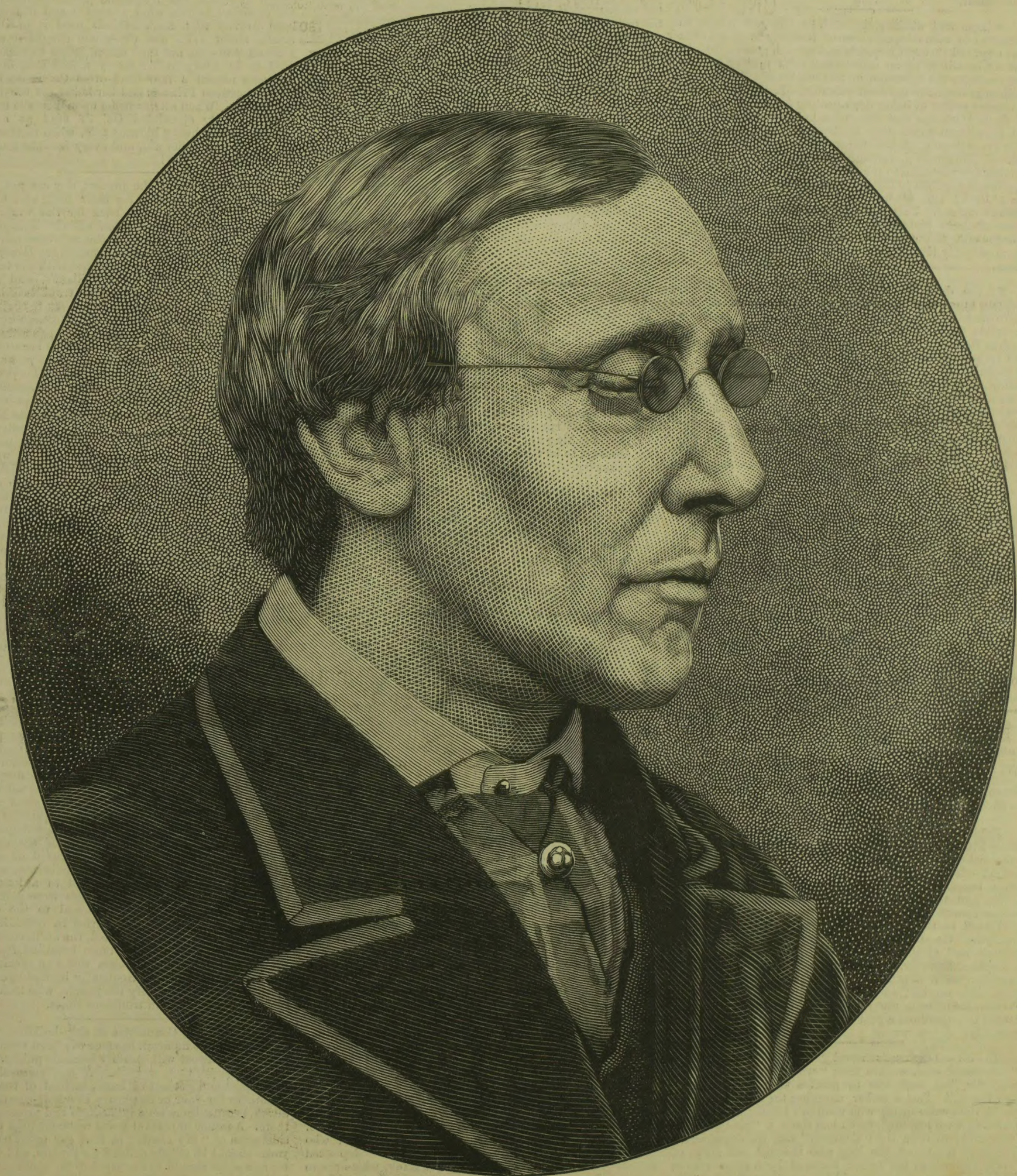
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THE LATE RIGHT HON. HENRY FAWCETT, M.P., POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

OUR NOTE BOOK

In the canton of St. Gall, in Switzerland, it was recently decided to establish capital punishment. This was agreed to by the "people," with whom the matter was treated almost as a party question. The excitement on the subject was engrossing, but the result was at length arrived at, and considered as a political victory by the interested parties. However, when the first sentence had been passed on an offender, it transpired that so much attention had been paid to the principle that no mode of execution had been decided on. Not even a public executioner had been appointed, so that the condemned miscreant was kept waiting until some conclusion had been arrived at as to whether he was to be destroyed by gallows, guillotine, garrote, or shooting. So long a time elapsed that the Grand Council, being of opinion that it would be inhuman to allow the man to remain in suspense, exercised its prerogative of mercy, and let him free. To pass a law is one thing, but at the same time to devise a method of carrying it out would seem to be convenient.

A large and wealthy city such as Glasgow might be expected to take adequate care of such works of art as it has acquired through bequests and private generosity. It cannot be said to be an ornamental city; and of its few art treasures the collection of pictures in the Corporation gallery is certainly the most valuable. Last week it had a narrow escape of being destroyed by fire, for the gallery is situated on the first floor of a building having shops on the ground floor. One of these took fire, and before it was extinguished the flames penetrated the gallery above. Fortunately, through the energy of the officials, no damage was done to the pictures. But some valuable specimens ascribed to Hobbema, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Teniers, Van Dyck, and others were for some time in imminent danger. Unlike the National Gallery collection, none of these pictures have cost the taxpayers anything, and therefore they can well afford to have them properly looked after and provide a secure home for them.

By the death of Mr. Christopher Beckett Denison, London loses one of its richest amateur collectors of pictures and high-class bric-à-brac. Amongst his many treasures were included pictures by Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wilkie, Lawrence, and Greuze. He was the largest non-professional purchaser at the Duke of Hamilton's sale, at which he bought, in addition to other things, Rubens' great work, "Daniel in the Lion's Den." This *chef-d'œuvre* is now hanging in a picture gallery built out at the back of deceased's residence in Upper Grosvenor-street. So desirous was he that nothing good and accessible should pass into other hands that his house had become a perfect pantechonicon of art. Even the attics and the staircases leading to them are full of masterpieces of china, brass-work, and pictures. Mr. Denison was also a collector of rare jewels, and possessed a string of pearls supposed to be matchless. It is to be hoped that the Rubens, which, however, is by no means the finest work of that artist, will not pass into foreign hands.

Miss Austen ranks with the very greatest of English novelists. In her own line she is inimitable, and in her tales she may be said to have invented a new pleasure. There are readers who cannot appreciate the charm of "Emma," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Persuasion," just as there are doubtless readers who, if they spoke out honestly, would agree with Waller that "Paradise Lost" is chiefly remarkable for its length. There is no arguing about matters of taste. If a man tells you he thinks Wordsworth a fool, you can only say "Indeed!" Jane Austen's delightful humour, her subtle knowledge of Nature, her consummate art, are, however, recognised by almost everyone who loves literature for its own sake. It is a pity, therefore, that we should be compelled, by the publication of her correspondence, to judge her unfavourably. She wrote many pleasant letters to friends—everything she did indeed was lovable and pleasant—but she wrote few letters worthy of publication. Her power lay in another direction.

Englishmen, for the most part, care little, because they know little, about American politics. They believe, however—what the best and wisest Americans have acknowledged—that corruption in the political world has of late years become common, that politics are regarded as a trade, and that in the States there is nothing which money cannot buy. If this be true, the election of Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency for the express purpose of purifying the sources of government should excite interest and sympathy in the Old Country. The gain to the States, however, will be our loss. Unfortunately, the accession of a new President involves a change in the diplomatic service; and Mr. Lowell, who holds the most honourable office in the gift of the White House, will be forced to retire from a post which could not be filled more worthily.

In Mrs. Oliphant's novel "Sir Tom" there is a "Contessa" who, we are told, "would go out shooting with Sir Tom, and was as good a shot as any of the gentlemen." This is rather unsexing the lady beloved of poets, the gentle being who wouldn't tread on a worm (if anybody were looking), much less shoot a "pretty bird." Very different from the "Contessa" was the daughter of Frederick the Great, the lady who married our Duke of York, and whom her father tortured by trying to make her a sportswoman, who should like on a "fine day" to "go out and kill something." The gentle Princess, says tradition, purchased her freedom by a really heroic effort, worthy of her stern father; an effort that must have wrung her heart, and have cost her the greatest agony. She reluctantly consented to shoot two stags; and so entitled herself to exemption for ever.

We are sorry that Mr. Froude accepts and reiterates Carlyle's opinion that Sir Walter Scott "squandered his splendid gifts on amusing people." Amusement is surely not all we gain from the "Waverley Novels," though, like the comedies of Shakspeare, or the Idylls of Lord Tennyson, they may be read for that purpose in the first instance. A great poet instructs while he delights; and the greatest and healthiest of romance writers raised and purified the literature of fiction as no novelist has done before or since. No one can read these noble stories without being the better and happier, without gaining a larger view of human nature and a kindlier sympathy with its frailties. This is why Scott was so beloved by men of the most widely different order of intellect: by Goethe, by James Watt, by Keble, by Robertson of Brighton, by Hawthorne, by Dr. Pusey, "who knew him as Fox and Grenville knew Homer," and by Dean Stanley, of whom his successor writes:—"Of all the great names of literature, none was so dear to him as that of Walter Scott."

"Happy the man," sings the poet, "whose wish and care a few paternal acres bound": certainly, but happy also the man who holds shares in Epsom Grand Stand. Forty £20 shares in that Stand were sold by auction, the other day at Tokenhouse Yard, according to the newspapers, in thirteen lots, twelve of three shares each and one of four; and the first nine shares fetched £77 each, the rest £81 each. On the high prices paid the purchasers will receive it is said 10 per cent dividend, which is "pretty well, thank you."

Probably there is nobody in the United Kingdom who has so little to do personally as the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone with the sport of horse-racing. It is, therefore, all the more remarkable that the right honourable gentleman should have two nicknames, of which one renders him likely sometimes to be confounded with a famous jockey and the other with a famous trainer; for Mr. George Fordham is known on the Turf as "the Grand Old Man," and Mr. William Day as "Our William."

Dr. Johnson, who did not smoke himself, and called it a shocking thing, wondered why smoking had "gone out," since it requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity. What would Johnson say if he could witness the increase of smoking nowadays? Poets smoke for inspiration, clergymen for solace, business men to forget their cares, all men for companionship; and Dr. Johnson, the most clubbable of mortals in his own day, would be forced to smoke if he belonged to a club in ours. There is, indeed, no way of escaping from tobacco unless we go out of the world altogether, or join the Young Men's Christian Association. From this sacred retreat the "divine herb" is banished, but not without protest; and a writer has lately stated from personal knowledge that many young men fall into evil ways in London because the legitimate pleasure of a pipe is denied to them in this excellent institution. "Surely," he says, "godliness and smoking are not necessarily antagonistic." If they are, it is to be feared there is but little godliness left in the country.

Not many days ago there died at Paris a gifted and wealthy young Russian, Mdlle. Marie Bashkirseff, only twenty-three years old. Her passion was painting, in which some good judges thought she might become a second Rosa Bonheur for fame, though in a different line. It was supposed that she would have received "a medal" this year, and that "the jury" passed her over because she was young and rich and could "afford to wait." But she could not wait the short space of another year, or do more than indirectly confirm the truth of the old saying, "Tout vient à bout à qui sait attendre."

"Mr. Manton," which is masculine for "Dowager Duchess of Montrose," has not had much success this year, on the whole, as a runner of race-horses, but has good reason to be proud of the feats lately performed by Energy at Leicester and Thebais at Liverpool. Energy, as a four-year-old, gave three stone, instead of the regulation half a stone, to Whitelock, a three-year-old, third, moreover, for the One Thousand; and Thebais carried both the most years and the most weight (six years and nine stone four pounds) that have ever been carried to victory for the Liverpool Autumn Cup. To Energy and Thebais add St. Gatien and Florence, carriers of heavy weights in handicaps, and it looks as if we still had giants and giantesses—among our racehorses—in the land, notwithstanding what croakers say about the "degeneracy of the English thoroughbred." Anyhow, the world cannot breed a better thoroughbred, though constant attempts have been made to do so.

By-the-way, Thebais is said to have won the Cup, distance one mile and a half, in two minutes and a fraction over twenty-seven seconds, which is about sixteen seconds less than the two minutes and forty-three seconds recorded as the shortest time in which the Epsom Derby (also one mile and a half) has been won; whence the fallacy of the "time test" may be inferred, if anybody should still feel inclined to lean upon a reed broken in so many places. The fact is that the "time test," to be trustworthy, would require that two given cases should be exactly on all fours (like the horses), and it never is so: there are always differences of age or weight or conformation of ground or atmospheric conditions or initial pace or something of that kind or of another.

The most valuable literary prize ever offered to competitors will fall due in St. Petersburg on Dec. 1, 1925. In 1833 the friend and adviser of Alexander I., who founded the military colonies at Novgorod, deposited 50,000 golden roubles in the Imperial Bank, which are to remain there on interest at 4 per cent till the hundredth anniversary of his Imperial master's death, when the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg must adjudge it to the author of the very best history of that Sovereign's reign. One quarter is to be devoted to the publication of the work, and it is calculated that the reward for the fortunate historian will amount to £300,000.

How much the improved social position of actors and actresses is due to the Queen is little remembered. Yet it actually dates from 1848, when her Majesty caused a small private theatre to be inaugurated in the Rubens Room at Windsor Castle, where Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Alfred Wigan, Webster, Keeley, and others, produced the Shakspearean revival which during the next two or three years attracted the general public to the London stage in a manner almost unprecedented.

A great deal has been said from time to time about the studious habits of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, and his love of his Fatherland, which is a veritable culte. The exact aim of his researches and labours has not been so well known, but it is now certain that it will take the form of a work in many volumes, each of which will deal exhaustively with an Austro-Hungarian province, giving its history, ancient and modern, literary and artistic, and containing details of its geography, geology, and ethnology, as well as descriptions of its scenery and people from all possible points of view. The best artists of the day will illustrate it; and if the young Archduke lives to complete his project, he will have something to be justly proud of.

There is a phrase, rather an expression, current in Paris, transplanted from the *patois* of the south of France, the origin of which has frequently been disputed. This is *Qu'ès aco?* (*Anglice*, what is that?) and it has recently been proved that Beaumarchais used it in a ferocious tirade, about 1772, and every one caught it up. Poor Marie Antoinette, not then Queen, asked its meaning, and used it so freely in her merry moods that one of her milliners named a new head-dress *Qu'ès aco?* and the young Austrian Princess and her ladies set the fashion of wearing it. When sorrow came upon her she must often have mentally ejaculated *Qu'ès aco?* at each fresh indignity, each heavy blow of fate, when neither Heaven nor earth came to her aid, and every face she looked upon was as that of a fiend!

Roman citizens of the present day are not rich, but they have a genuine love for their King and his family, and always welcome them back for the winter with as handsome a present as they can afford. This year it will be magnificent, and will have the supreme merit of not costing the municipal council a farthing. Every one who knows the Eternal City is acquainted with the treasures of jewellery and *orfèvrerie* at Castellani's, and many are aware that one of the most splendid trophies of his art is a gold casket, which he intended to present to the late Victor Emanuel had not death snatched the Monarch away before it was completed. The Council has frequently deplored that it could not afford to purchase this beautiful toy for King Humbert, and Signor Castellani has just announced his intention of giving it to his colleagues for presentation to the son of Il Rè Galantuomo. This is generosity indeed!

Mdlle. Dosne, the sister-in-law of the late M. Thiers, that "little great man" who loved his country so well and served her so faithfully, is building a magnificent tomb for his remains in Père Lachaise, which will cost an enormous sum of money. She is immensely rich, and has a great deal of land at Auteuil which a more avaricious woman, or one who had given hostages to fortune, would naturally have let out on building leases. She, however, has enclosed her large domain with high walls, and in the vast park and pleasure thus formed has built an immense and splendid residence which is intended as a retreat for artists, *savans*, and men of letters generally. It is, nevertheless, not an asylum for their old age, but is for fifty young men, laureates of the institute and of other great schools, who may there pursue their studies and work out their ideas without being hampered by the carking cares of poverty, or embittered in the struggle for daily bread. Her idea is that of ripening good fruit in the sunshine; but the uses of adversity are sweet, and count for something in the career of a great poet or a divine artist.

The excitement of rural Italians in the presence of any unknown danger, and their extraordinary ignorance, has just been exemplified at a village near Reggio, where some mischievous person during the night placed a white egg, and one which he had artificially blackened, on the threshold of a house. He then roused the sleeping occupants, telling them that the cholera, or, at all events, its eggs were at their door. In a transport of terror they rushed out and alarmed their neighbours; told the syndic, who instantly summoned the municipal council, and that body immediately surrounded the unfortunate house with a sanitary cordon and guard of carabinieri. This done, they felt at leisure to deliberate, and finally decided on attaching a fishing-net to a long pole by means of which the dangerous eggs were picked up and with all possible precaution carried to the communal cemetery, where they were buried in quicklime. This being satisfactorily accomplished, the authorities returned home, and the village once more breathed freely. The Prefect of Reggio himself cites this as a specimen of the manner in which he has frequently been obliged to act in order to soothe and pacify the people, who look to him as their supreme refuge in troublous times.

The Admiralty Committee on ship-building, with Lord Ravensworth at its head, has recently been sitting, and its voluminous report will speedily be made public. Its chief suggestions are that when vessels are begun they should be finished and got out of hand, instead of remaining on the stocks for four or five years in a half-completed condition, because there is no immediate and pressing need for them. Another important point recommended to the consideration of "My Lords" is, that our great naval dockyards should be chiefly utilised for repairs, and that orders for new ships should be intrusted to the great private ship-building firms. Considering that one of these latter has just undertaken to build a steam-yacht for £12,000, for which in better days it would have charged £15,000, the Government would find it true economy to have a few vessels thus constructed at the present time, and such wise expenditure would save thousands from starvation on the banks of Tyne and Clyde.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The Lord Mayor's Show has come and gone; and, thanks to the admirable good temper of the enormous crowd, the beautiful "St. Martin's Summer" (an American would call it "Indian summer") November weather, and the highly valuable co-operation of Mr. Sanger, with his "highly trained steeds," his "wild beasts" (I quote Sir Vernon Harcourt), and his circus folk, the celebration of the Tenth of November (the traditional Ninth falling on a Sunday) seems to have been an exceptionally brilliant success. Still, the Show having by this time been consigned to the "portion of weeds and outworn faces," the brass bands and the banner-bearing watermen dismissed, the boys from the training-ship sent back to school, the circus folk relegated to their more congenial sawdust, the evening turtle consumed, the punch and champagne quaffed, and the speeches spouted, it may, perhaps, be permissible to ask whether Lord Mayor's Day is not becoming year after year a more and more unendurable nuisance?

It is the immensity of never-ending, still beginning London that makes the procession in an annually aggravated degree objectionable. For many hours the main thoroughfares of this prodigious metropolis are blocked while a heterogeneous pageant, not one tithe of the actors in which have the remotest connection with the Corporation of London, goes rambling up and down "all manner of streets," as Leigh Hunt put it. The celebrated case of the pig that ran away. What have the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, the boys from the Warspite, and the Postal Telegraph drum-and-fife band, to do with the Corporation? Nothing whatever; they are simply pitchforked into the procession to make it bigger. They certainly do not make it more imposing.

It chanced that at noon on the Tenth I had an appointment with a solicitor in Ely-place, Holborn. The Show was coming over the Viaduct (I read that it went under it, as well); and at Gray's-inn-road wheeled locomotion was hopelessly at a standstill; so my companion had to dismiss our hansom, and struggle through a mob of sightseers, roughs, and pick-pockets (the latter, happily, in a minority) to our destination. We had another appointment at the same solicitor's office at three in the afternoon; and, coming from Pall-mall, my cab was kept waiting fourteen minutes and a half at the top of Little Queen-street, owing to the tremendous crush of vehicles in Holborn. The Show had altogether disorganised and demoralised for the day that which we should not call, but which everybody save the stern grammatical purists persists in calling, the "traffic." Now, my business in Ely-place was obviously only of a twopenny-halfpenny nature; but it is possible that on the Tenth of November vast numbers of people in London, bent on business involving considerations of many thousands of pounds sterling, were put to even more inconvenience than I suffered in consequence of the Lord Mayor's Show.

The cholera is in Paris. The newspapers have made us acquainted, and with a vengeance, with that disagreeable fact. It should not be made unnecessarily an alarming one. Many of the cases described as being of cholera are possibly only "cholérine"; and the proportion of recoveries to deaths among the persons attacked is, as yet, reassuring. Not venturing upon anything approaching a confident forecast, I cannot help thinking that there are many grounds for the earnest hope that, ere many weeks—it may be days—have passed Asiatic cholera will, by medical skill, municipal energy, and the common-sense of the people, be stamped out in Paris. Common-sense is one of the most important factors in the suppression of cholera.

I have been reading in Louis Blanc's "Histoire de Dix Ans," an appalling description of the Cholera frenzy in Paris in 1832. The people, lacking common-sense, went mad with terror when the pestilence first appeared in their midst; and panic was very speedily transformed into ferocity. It was bruited about that the cholera patients in the hospitals were being "experimented upon" by the doctors, and that the Carlists (the partisans of the exiled Charles X.) were poisoning the wells.

From those darksome quarters where misery hides her forgotten head, the capital was suddenly invaded by multitudes of bare-armed men, whose gloomy faces glared with hate. . . . Murders soon occurred. Did a man happen to pass along with a phial or a packet in his hand! He was suspected. A young man was massacred in the Rue Ponceau, because he bent forward at a wine-shop door for the purpose of seeing what o'clock it was; another met with the same fate near the Passage du Caire for an almost similar reason; a third was torn to pieces in the Faubourg St. Germain for having looked into a well; a Jew perished because, in cheapening fish in the market, he had laughed in a strange manner, and on his being searched there had been found on him a small bag of white powder which was nothing but camphor; in the Place de Grève an unfortunate wretch was dragged from the guard-house of the Hôtel de Ville, where he had taken refuge: he was butchered, and a coal-porter made his dog tear the gory remains.

The Parisians have acquired a vast amount of common-sense since 1832. It is true that they lost their heads to a considerable extent in the way of panic in the early days of the Franco-German War of 1870. Everybody suspected everybody else of being in the pay of Bismarck. On suspicion of being a Prussian spy, the Distressed Compiler of this page was very nearly murdered by a Bonapartist mob on the night of the Third of September, and only escaped slaughter by being flung into a cell at the Dépôt of the Prefecture of Police. Through the kind interposition of Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, I regained my liberty at noon the next day; and I had not left the prison (in the company of a Secretary of the Embassy, who had come to fetch me) two hours when a Republican mob was breaking into the Dépôt, and the Prefect of Police who had set me free was flying for his own life. Looking at my record at the prison *greffe*, "gravely suspected of being a Prussian spy," the mob would probably have lost no time in making cold meat of me had they caught me. The Revolution of the Fourth of September had come. Revolutions are very ticklish affairs when you are in the middle of them and fail to see how you can make anything out of the transaction.

The cheerful alacrity, almost amounting to light-hearted recklessness, with which well-educated persons, who ought to know better, seek to foist new-fangled words on the English language would be amusing were it not gravely reprehensible. Here is a gentleman who writes to the *Times* a letter about "Aquaculture and Agriculture." By "aquaculture" he means pisciculture, or the rearing, breeding, preservation, feeding, and fattening of fish by artificial means. The term "aquaculture" is absurd, to begin with; and, in the next place, there is no such word in the English language. It is additionally disquieting to mark that this spurious English word "aquaculture" has likewise been adopted by a scientific authority so distinguished as Sir Lyon Playfair. Now, deference to rank and station is a quality not unknown to lexicographers—witness the slavish acceptance by the French Academicians of Louis XIV.'s blunder in the gender of the word "carriage," which is rightly feminine. But the Grand Monarque chose to say "mon carrosse," and the deferential dictionary-makers at once marked "carrosse" as a noun masculine; and masculine it has remained from that day to this. I should not be at all surprised to find in the next big dictionary "Aquaculture, n. (L. aqua, culture), the artificial breeding of fish.—*Lyon Playfair*."

"An English Hostess" has written to "Atlas," of the *World*, to implore that universal benefactor to show himself the friend of hospitality in distress. The complaint of the "English Hostess" is that ladies and gentlemen invited to dinner have become so habitually and so disgracefully unpunctual that, as the lady puts it, "There will be no dinners fit to eat in London, and we shall be reduced to cold 'swarries.'" A "swarry," by-the-way, is essentially a hot entertainment, consisting, as it did in the opinion of the Bath footmen, of a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings. But there is some ground for the lady's complaint. According to her showing, our cooks are becoming rapidly demoralised, our dinners are systematically spoiled, our tempers are exacerbated, and our digestion is ruined, because people who are bidden to dinner at eight p.m., come at eight fifteen, eight twenty, or eight forty-five.

A writer in the *World*, commenting on the Hostess's letter, hazards the curious suggestion that the evil protested against might be at once suppressed if an Illustrious Personage caused it to be known that he disapproved of unpunctuality at dinner parties when carried beyond certain limits. But surely example is better than precept. For many years the Illustrious Personage has shown a faultless example of punctuality to society; but that example has not been followed, save when Society is honoured by a command to dine with the Illustrious Personage, on which occasions, of course, Society makes its appearance punctually to the minute. But, it may surely be asked, how could approval or disapproval influence that very large section of Society which does not dine with the Illustrious Personage, and with which the Illustrious Personage does not go to dine? The August Parent of that Personage has a strong dislike (I have heard) for mutton; but has Society abandoned the practice of devouring ovine flesh?

That which most desperately puzzles me in connection with the practice of late dining (late dinners have killed that pleasantest and most sociable of meals, supper) is that this irrational usage does not seem to have interfered detrimentally with the business of the theatres. I was reading lately a very curious and interesting Parliamentary Bluebook—the Report of the Select Committee Appointed in 1832 to Inquire into the Laws Affecting Dramatic Literature and Dramatic Entertainments. The chairman of this Committee was Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., afterwards Lord Lytton. The Report admits the existence of a considerable decline both in the literature of the stage and the taste of the public for theatrical performances; and among the causes of this decline are enumerated, the absence of Royal encouragement, the supposed indisposition of some religious sects to countenance theatrical exhibitions, and the prevailing fashion of late dinner-hours. In 1832 the general dinner-hour in Society was six p.m. The Brahminical classes dined at seven. Now we dine at eight or at eight forty-five.

The minutes of evidence given before the committee are a mine of out-of-the-way information touching by-gone theatrical manners and customs. Mr. John Payne Collier, for example, who had been acting as George Colman's deputy as licenser of plays, observed that a license was refused to Miss Mitford's tragedy of "Charles the First" (think of that, Mr. W. G. Wills) "because it treated lightly of the authority of Kings." Mr. George Colman, it was also stated, always struck out the word "angel" when he came across it in a play submitted to his censorship.

Charles Kemble; Sam Arnold (of the Lyceum); Davidge (Surrey); Edmund Kean; John Braham; David Osbaldistone (Victoria); Pierre François Laporte (Italian Opera, King's Theatre); W. C. Macready; Thomas Potter Cooke ("Tipp" Cooke of hornpipe fame); W. T. Moncrieff ("Tom and Jerry"); John Poole ("Paul Pry"); J. R. Planché (herald and dramatist); James Kenney ("Sweethearts and Wives"); Thomas Morton; R. B. Peake, and Douglas Jerrold were also among the witnesses. M. Laporte mentioned that the minor theatres in Paris were compelled to contribute ten per cent of their nightly receipts towards the maintenance of the three great Royal theatres—the Opéra, the Français, and the Opéra Comique—ten per cent to the relief of the poor, and twelve per cent to dramatic authors, and that this heavy taxation notwithstanding, they all prospered exceedingly.

In 1832, the French dramatist Eugène Scribe had already made a fortune. In 1832, the English dramatist Douglas Jerrold told the Select Committee that for his drama of "Black-Eyed Susan," which was played, at various theatres, four hundred nights in the course of the first year of its production, he received in all the sum of sixty pounds—fifty pounds for the play, and ten pounds for the printing right. I have heard

Jerrold tell the story himself, with the addition, "and to make sixty pounds out of a piece at the Surrey was great alchemy." For the "Rent Day" at Covent Garden he received a hundred and fifty pounds. Insult was added to injury in the case of "Black-Eyed Susan" when it was transferred from the Surrey to Covent Garden. The licenser struck out the memorable remark made by the boatswain at the court-martial about William "playing the fiddle like an angel." The boatswain, however, took no heed of the licenser's excision; and the expression became at once one of the standard colloquialisms of the English tongue.

What is to be done with the west side of Westminster Hall? That is a question which has also been referred to a Select Committee, sitting, this time, in the year of grace 1884. The question is not by any means one easy of settlement. When Themis removed, bag and baggage, to her spacious but not very comfortable new quarters at the Royal Palace of Justice, the Department of Works, in a prodigious hurry, pulled down the former Law Courts, built from the designs of Sir John Soane on the site of a much more ancient range of courts, some of Tudor, some of Jacobean, some of Caroline architecture. Many of these antique chambers had probably formed part of the residential section of the Old Royal Palace at Westminster; the Treasury, the Chancery, and the Chapel being on the east side, and William Rufus's great guest and justice hall in the middle.

Now, when the Soane law courts were torn down it was found that the west side of the hall was shored up by clumsy-looking but substantial buttresses. Between these buttresses and the thoroughfare, once called St. Margaret's-lane, leading from Old into New Palace-yard, that eminent architect, Mr. Pearson, supposes that there was once a two-storeyed Gothic edifice of some kind. Probably such a Gothic building did exist there before the "Tudor nursery," the "Tudor music-gallery," "Queen Elizabeth's bed-chamber," and "Chaucer's house" (Chaucer was clerk of the works to the Royal palaces *temp.* Richard II., but he was superseded in his office before the restoration of Westminster Hall was begun, in 1394) were converted into law courts. But what the original Gothic structure was like who can tell, and who shall say? The design of the new building, if it is to be built, must be a sheer matter of guess work; and the question has been asked "why build upon the site at all? Why not train ivy to creep around the buttresses and spread over the great west wall, and plant the vacant space towards the Abbey with turf and shrubs?"

The excellent Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Director of the South Kensington Museum, delivering the prizes and certificates recently at a school of art at Weston-super-Mare, made incidentally a remark which, I am not ashamed to confess, has fairly bewildered me. Dwelling on the importance of the study of drawing as essential to the development of art applied to industry, Sir Philip continued, "Why was the silk trade dead in Macclesfield? Because the ladies would have their silks from France. The manufacturers of Macclesfield were nearly all engaged in producing *fichus* and silks for the French market, and they could not be sold in England until they came back from Paris." Now either Sir Philip has been incorrectly reported; or he made a curiously paradoxical statement at Weston-super-Mare; or I am the dullest of blockheads. If the silk-trade is dead at Macclesfield, how is it that "the manufacturers of Macclesfield are nearly all engaged in producing *fichus* and silks for the French market"? Surely a trade that is dead does not produce anything. Dead Men tell no Tales, and weave no silk. Experts in the mysteries of the silk-trade, please explain.

While I have been writing the "Echoes" this week, there has been lying a pile of eighty-seven letters symmetrically arranged on my desk before me, and all unopened. I thought that, for once in a way, I would give my correspondents and myself a holiday. But, stretching forth my hand for the sealing-wax, I contrived to knock over one of the symmetrical piles of letters, and as I re-arranged them I began (such is the force of habit) to open them. Here is an excerpt from the first:—

Surely societies for the sale of "Poor Ladies' Needlework" might seem to commend themselves to the notice of rich ladies if they could only be reminded of the existence and accessibility of such work. There are three dépôts for Ladies' Needlework within a few yards of each other in the immediate neighbourhood of Hyde Park; and when one thinks of the enormous amount of wealth to be found in that district it would be a real act of kindness to their poorer neighbours if wealthy ladies would now and again visit the dépôts and purchase such work, either useful or ornamental, as they may require. They will find it there in *sad profusion*; or they might give orders for any kind of work to be done for them, and it would be faithfully attended to. The dépôts are at 40, Upper Berkeley-street, W.; 11, Lower Porchester-street, W.; and 131, Edgware-road, W.

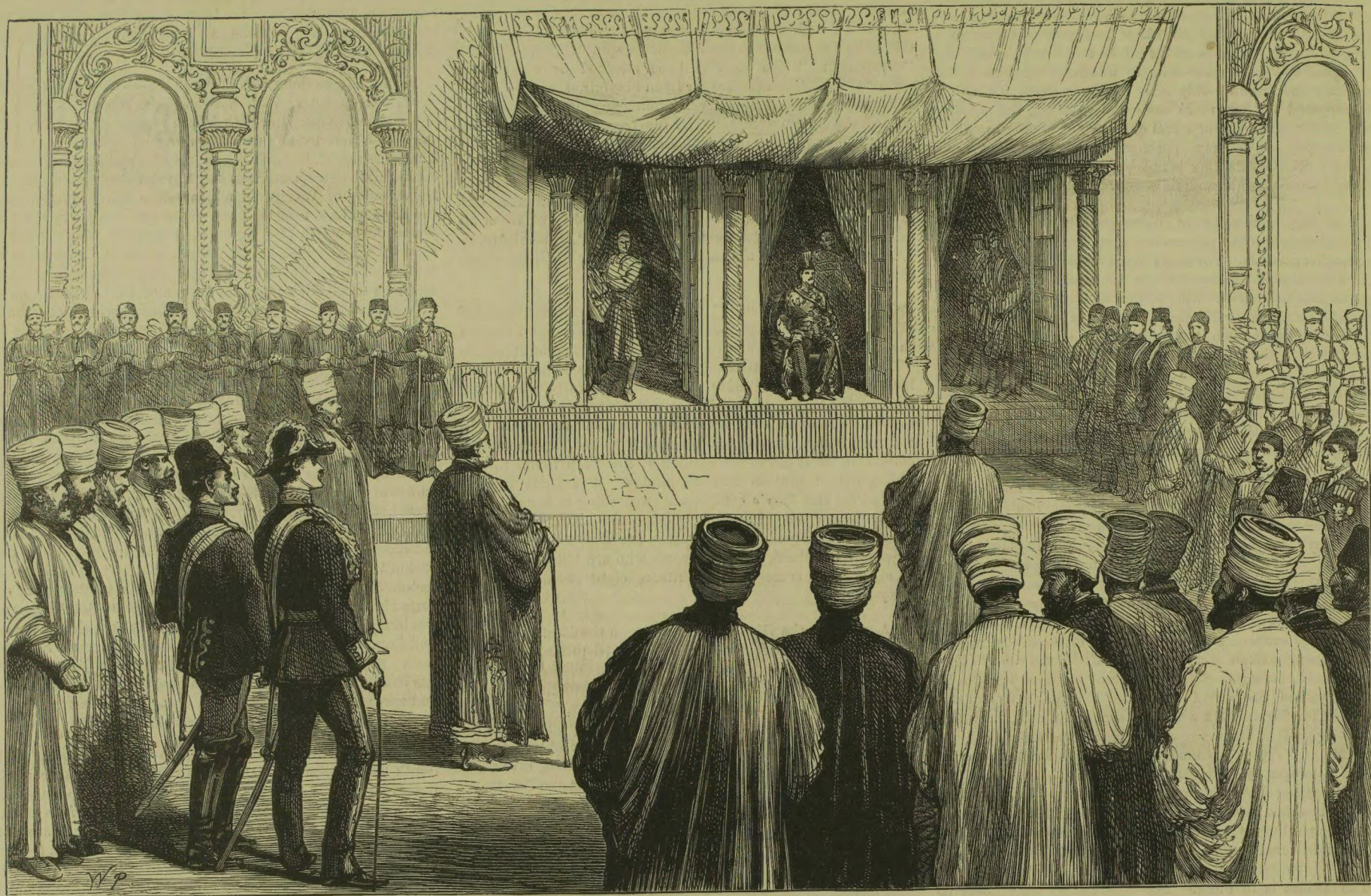
This is a very melancholy story, and I am afraid that there is not much of a hopeful side to it. I asked the domestic authorities who rule over me (under the cunning pretence that I rule over them) the reason why, at least, the sale of ornamental needle-work was not a largely lucrative one? I was told that there were at present produced by machinery fabrics quite as beautiful as any samples of art-needlework that ordinary customers cared for, quite as durable, and at about one third of the price charged for hand-work. I was told that modern hand-made lace was wholly a drug in the market, and that lovely-looking machine-made lace could be bought for the merest trifle per yard. It is Nottingham that has done this; and the Nottingham School of Art is one of the best in the three kingdoms. Destruction and Compensation are the History of Life; only they do not always take place concurrently. It is you, very often, who are destroyed. Your grandson (let us hope) will be compensated.

Among the myriad Christmas annuals, "numbers," and other "books of the season" which, "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," are beginning to bestrew our tables, a cordial welcome should be extended to Mr. John Latéy, junior's, "Love Clouds; a Story of Love and Revenge," just published at the *Fun* Office, 153, Fleet-street. This very interesting and well-written romance is profusely illustrated with spirited engravings, from drawings by Mr. Alfred Hunt. When I say that the last of Mr. Hunt's pictures is entitled "Wedded at Last," and that the last words of Mr. John Latéy, junior's, text have reference to orange-flowers and a bridal bouquet, my fair readers may rest assured that "Love Clouds" break at last into the happiest of sunshine:—the shipwrecks, stabbing affrays, revolutionary *émouvantes*, attempts to poison, and trials for murder of the story to the contrary notwithstanding.

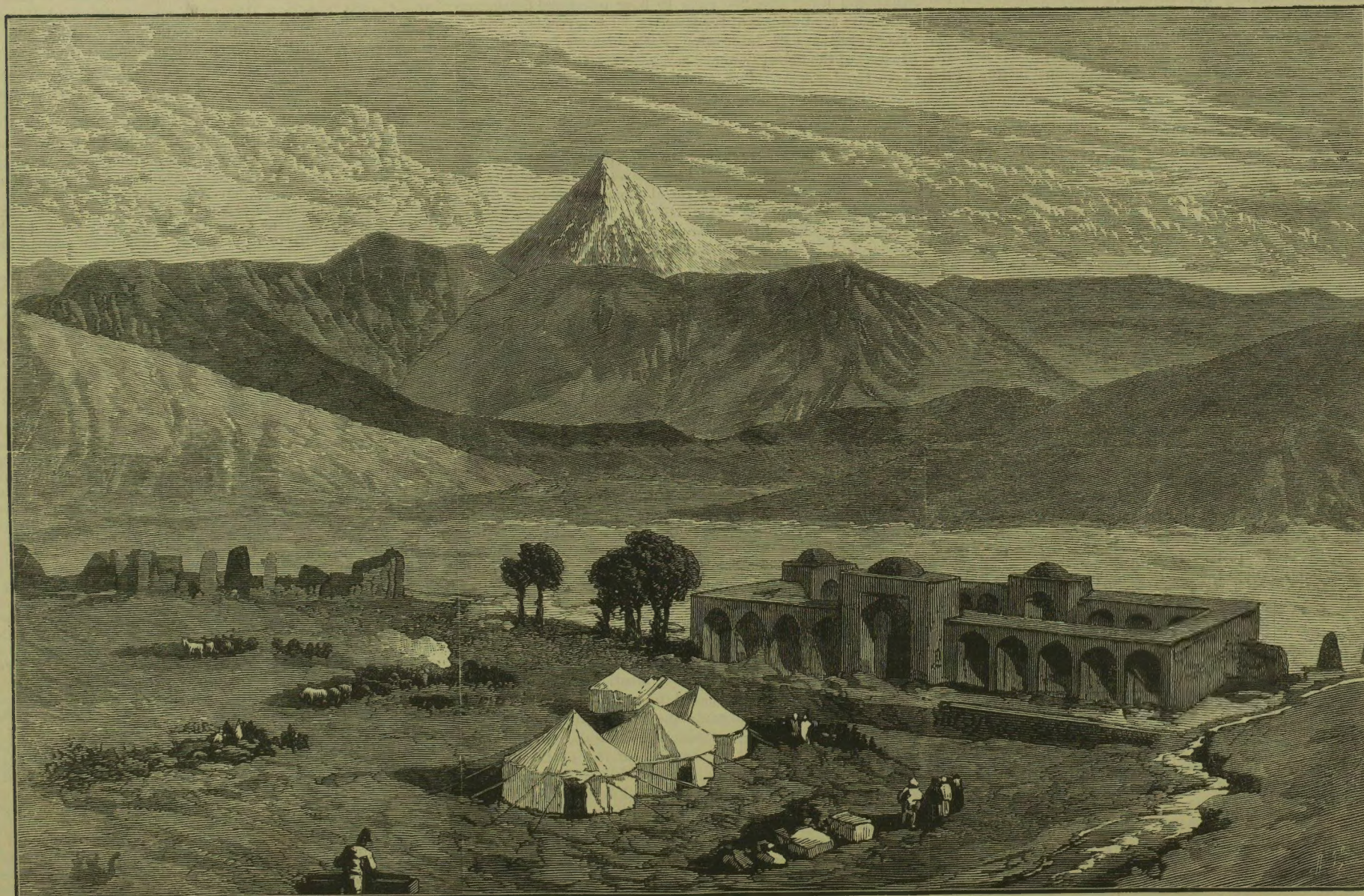
G. A. S.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.



SALAAM OF THE EEDI KORBAN AT THE SHAH'S PALACE, SULTANABAD, TEHERAN.



DEMAVEND, WITH CAMP OF THE COMMISSIONERS AT KABUD GOMPAZ.



1. The Indian Empire Trophy. 2. The Nile Expedition Boat. 3. Old Bow Church, as before the Great Fire of London. 4. Kings and Queens of England, with Barons, Knights, and Crusaders.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE PROCESSION.

Monday last (the Ninth of November being Sunday) witnessed the yearly street pageant of a grand procession escorting the new Lord Mayor to his reception by the Judges at the Law Courts; and in the evening there was the customary civic banquet at Guildhall, attended by several of her Majesty's Ministers. We present some illustrations of "the Lord Mayor's Show," which passed from Guildhall through Gresham-street, Princes-street, Mansion House-street, Queen Victoria-street, Queen-street, Cheapside, Newgate-street, Holborn-viaduct, Charterhouse-street, Farringdon-street, and Fleet-street to the Royal Courts of Justice, where the Lord Mayor was sworn in. Thence the procession, joined by the Lady Mayoress in her state carriage, attended by her

maids of honour, returned to Guildhall by way of the Strand, Charing-cross, Whitehall-place, the Thames Embankment, Queen Victoria-street, Queen-street, and King-street. The crowds of spectators everywhere was as great as ever was known. The order of the procession must be described. First came a detachment of mounted police, then the mounted band of the Royal Artillery, the band of the Grenadier Guards, and a detachment of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, with two engines, each drawn by four horses. To these succeeded the banners of ex-Sheriffs and the band of the training-ship Warspite, the lads looking smart in their naval attire. The heads of the following companies, in open carriages, joined in the procession, accompanied by their banners and bands of

music:—The Fanmakers, Shipwrights, Carpenters, Salters, and Spectacle-makers. Most of the elaborate devices of the show were illustrative of national and civic history or tradition. There was a car drawn by twelve ponies, with Dick Whittington beside the Highgate mile-post listening to Bow bells, accompanied by his famous cat. Then followed a model of Bow Church as it was in old times, with bell-ringers, and a banner, and the figure of Sir Richard Whittington in all his civic dignity. William the Conqueror was represented, Richard Cœur de Lion, Richard II., and Queen Elizabeth, all mounted and costumed after the habits in which they lived. Barons and knights in the armour of different periods, some with the Red Cross, and others bearing shields with heraldic

devices, mingled freely together. Lord Mayor Walworth standing over the slain Wat Tyler provoked groans and hisses. A fairer spectacle was the car, drawn by four horses, carrying a raised dais, upon which was a casket containing a fac-simile of the City's First Charter, A.D. 1067, guarded by citizens with drawn swords. A Nile boat, similar to those sent out to Lord Wolsley, was exhibited, properly manned. This boat, 30 ft. long by 6 ft. 10 in. beam, was specially constructed for the occasion by Messrs. Watkins and Co., of Blackwall, under the superintendence of Mr. Dunn, of the Admiralty. In this portion of the procession there was a fine herd of camels, and, in recognition of our Indian Empire, Mr. Sanger provided also elephants ridden by representatives of Rajahs, and a car containing a picturesque group, surmounted by a figure symbolical of India. Many banners of the civic wards and guilds were displayed. The bands were very numerous, including those of the Corps of Commissioners, the Honourable Artillery Company, the 15th (King's) Hussars, and the Household Cavalry, besides the state trumpeters of the Household Cavalry and the pipers of the Scots Guards. The Sheriffs, Alderman Whitehead and Mr. Faudel Phillips, rode in state carriages drawn by four horses, and were well received. Loud and hearty cheers greeted the appearance of the late Lord Mayor, Alderman R. N. Fowler, M.P. The new Lord Mayor, Alderman G. S. Nottage, was warmly welcomed as he came along in his splendid state carriage, drawn by six very fine horses. Finally, an escort of the 15th (King's) Hussars ended a most imposing procession.

In the absence of the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Mayor was received in the Court by Mr. Justice Grove, who replied to the Recorder's address, and congratulated the Lord Mayor upon entering office. The banquet at Guildhall was well attended, but Mr. Gladstone was unable to be present; Lord Hartington, Lord Northbrook, and Lord Granville, were the principal guests and speakers. Lord Granville, commenting upon the political topics of the day and the prospects of the country, replied to the toast, "Her Majesty's Ministers," in a speech of some importance.

BIRTHS.

On Sept. 12, at Pukitutu, New Zealand, the wife of the Hon. Gerald Addison, of a daughter.

On the 6th inst., at Brook-street, W., Viscountess Powerscourt, of a daughter.

On the 11th inst., at Norfolk-street, Park-lane, Lady Lucy Süher, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 6th inst., at St. Luke's Church, Antigua, West Indies, William Henry, eldest son of the late David Cowie, of St. Vincent, W.I., to Eliza Mary, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Binyon Forster, of Manchester.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES. by English and Continental Artists (including Luis Jimenez's new picture, "A Competition, 1780"), is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR FOOTE and SONS' GALLERIES, 6 and 8, Haymarket. Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall.—The THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY ARTISTS OF THE CONTINENTAL SCHOOLS, including CARL HEFFNER'S VIEWS IN THE CAMPAGNA, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, One Shilling.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 188, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 50, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Willard, Dewhurst, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Crauford, Hudson, Doone, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Meddames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Carriages at 11.15. Box-office, 9.30 to 5 p.m. No fees. Business Manager, J. H. Colby.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Playwright in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTEEN. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Conyngham, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-office open daily from Eleven to Five. MATINEE OF CALLED BACK, SATURDAY, NOV. 22, at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME. All the new songs and all the new and screaming comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion. Return of the inimitable and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE. Performances all the year round. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT; DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

ISSUE OF £48,000 EIGHT PER CENT FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURES OF £100 EACH.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THE RAINY LAKE LUMBER COMPANY, Limited. Incorporated under the Canada Joint-Stock Companies Act, 1877. Capital £130,000, in 1000 Shares of £20 each (or 100 dollars). All the capital is subscribed, and £62,000, or 312,000 dollars, is paid up. The Debentures are secured by the property and unpaid capital of the Company, now vested in the Toronto General Trusts Company as Trustees for the Debenture-holders. Interest is payable at Lloyd's, Barnett's, and Bosanquet's Bank, Limited, in London, Jan. 1 and July 1 in each year. The principal of the Debentures is payable at the same place on July 1, 1889. Payment for the Debentures will be required as follows:—On application, £5 per Debenture; the balance of £25 on allotment, in exchange for the Debenture. Interest will be payable from the date of payment of the balance.

Directors. Hugh Sutherland, Esq., M.P., Winnipeg, President. John Ross, Esq., Railway Contractor, Canadian Pacific Railway, Grantham, Ontario. S. James Dawson, Esq., M.P., Port Arthur, Ontario. William Forbes Alloway, Esq., Banker, Winnipeg. J. D. Edgar, Esq., M.P., Solicitor, Toronto.

THE TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTUREHOLDERS ARE—The Toronto General Trusts Company, of which the Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P., ex-Minister of Justice for Canada, is President; J. D. Edgar, Esq., M.P., Solicitor; and J. W. Langmuir, Esq., Manager.

BANKERS. Lloyd's, Barnett's, and Bosanquet's Bank (Limited), 60 and 62, Lombard-street, London. Imperial Bank of Canada, Winnipeg.

CONSULTING ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS.—Messrs. Chadwicks, Boardman, and Co., 38, Coleman-street, London, E.C.; and 84, Cross-street, Manchester. **SOLICITORS.**—Messrs. John Vernon and Co., London; Messrs. Biggs, Dawson, and Curran, Winnipeg.

Mills and Offices. Fort Francis, Rainy River; and Rat Portage, Lake of the Woods, Manitoba. **SECRETARY AND TREASURER.**—Mr. Thomas H. Sheppard, Winnipeg.

This Company was established by Letters Patent of June, 1882, by Letters Patent under the "Canada Joint-Stock Companies Act, 1877."

The mill at Fort Francis has already produced this season about 4,500,000 ft. (B.M.). The new saw-mill completed at Rat Portage, with approved modern machinery, is capable of sawing about 150,000 ft. per day of lumber (B.M.), or 36,000,000 ft. of lumber per year. The mills during about four months in each year are worked twenty-two hours per day.

The operations of the Company have been very extensive and successful; the total amount of logs felled and floated during the past season exceeded 20,000,000 ft. The Mortgage Deed has been approved by English counsel, on behalf of the Debenture-holders, and it contains very stringent powers and remedies for ensuring the payment of both the principal and interest of the Debentures.

The value of the property comprised in the security may be stated as follows:—The Real Estate, consisting of sites of Froehland Land in the City of Winnipeg; 160 acres in the town of Rat Portage; also the Real Estate at Fort Francis and Rainy River; the water-power saw mills at Fort Francis, the steam-saw mill at Rat Portage, railway track, dock piers, buildings, &c.; the value of which at cost price is

Logs of Timber, —Afloat and in booms £24,724
The subscribed and unpaid capital is 64,810
The above is exclusive of the value of the timber lands of the Company, comprising about 75 square miles, and 2 square miles, or about 64,000 acres. The value thus deduced of the whole property comprised in the security is therefore £318,334

The certificate of English counsel as to the correctness of the foregoing statements, also certified copies of the Company's charter, bye-laws, mortgage deed, and forms of the debenture, may be seen, and a full prospectus and all other desired information may be obtained on application at the offices of Messrs. Chadwicks, Boardman, and Co., 38, Coleman-street, London, E.C.; and 84, Cross-street, Manchester. Forms of Application for Debentures can be obtained from the Bankers, or Messrs. Chadwicks, Boardman, and Co., 38, Coleman-street, London, E.C., Nov. 10, 1884.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK.

Now Publishing.

The Illustrated London Almanack for 1885, containing Six Coloured Pictures, by F. De Neck, F. H. Pavy, and G. O. Harrison, inclosed in a Beautifully Coloured Wrapper, printed by Leighton Brothers' Chromatic Process; Twenty-four Fine-Art Engravings; Astronomical Occurrences, with Explanatory Notes; and a great variety of Useful Information for reference throughout the Year, is published at the Office of the "Illustrated London News."

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Price One Shilling; Postage, Twopence-Halfpenny.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, WEDNESDAY NEXT, NOV. 19.

MR. GEORGE WATTS' LAST GRAND MORNING CONCERT of the season, to commence at Three. Under the most distinguished patronage. Madame Christine Nilsson, and Madame Minnie Hauk, her first appearance in London for three seasons. Madame Trebelli, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Mr. Joseph Maas, Signor Foli, and Signor Parisotti. Violin, Monsieur Buziau; Violoncello, Monsieur Hollman; piano, Mr. W. Coenen; harmonium, Dr. Engel; harp, Mr. John Cheshire. Conductors, Mr. SIDNEY NAYLOR and Mr. HENRY PARKER. Prices, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 7s., 6d., and 10s., 6d. Programmes, plan, and tickets at the Royal Albert Hall; of Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street, and 63, New Bond-street; of the usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Convenient trains from all stations.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON'S last appearance in London this season at MR. GEO. WATTS' MORNING CONCERT, NOV. 19, Royal Albert Hall. Will sing "Ave Maria" (Gounod), by special request, "Bel Raggio" ("Semiramide"), and, with Madame Minnie Hauk and Madame Trebelli, will sing terzetto "Il facchio un inchino" ("Il Matrimonio Segreto").

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Art Loan Exhibition at Royal Pavilion open every week-day. Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria, 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 6.45 p.m. Pullman Express-Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

Full-time service is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 3s., 2s., 1s.; Return, 5s., 4s., 3s., 2s. Powerful Paddle steamers, with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Arcade, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who enjoys excellent health, went out yesterday week with Princess Beatrice, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice and Princess Frederica of Hanover. Lord Carlingford had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen honoured Braemar with a visit on Saturday afternoon. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Frederica of Hanover. The Princess Frederica of Hanover left Balmoral Castle, accompanied by her husband, Baron von Pawel Rammingen, who had been on a visit to her Majesty since Tuesday last. Divine service was performed at the castle on Sunday morning, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and members of the household. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. He had the honour of being included in her Majesty's dinner party. On Tuesday the Queen went out with Princess Beatrice in the morning, and drove with the Princess in the afternoon, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe. The Queen received, with much regret, the news of the death of Captain Frank Thomson, who had commanded her Majesty's yacht for seven years, and for whom the Queen had a sincere regard. Her Majesty has sent messages of condolence to Mrs. Fawcett and the Marchioness of Londonderry on their bereavement. The Queen has sent a cheque for £25 to the recently established Home for Trained Nurses of the Sick Poor at Portsmouth.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), arrived at Sandringham yesterday week. At Cambridge the Royal party was joined by Prince Albert Victor, who remained at Sandringham over the birthday festivities. The forty-third birthday of the Prince was celebrated on Saturday. The Earl and Countess of Dufferin and Lady Helen Blackwood arrived at Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. At West Newton, the Sandringham Club, which has just been established by the Prince for the men and boys who are working on the Sandringham estate, was opened by his Royal Highness. The annual dinner to the labourers and workmen on the Royal estate took place in the afternoon, and was attended by the Prince and Princess and their guests, the ladies and gentlemen of the household, and the officials of the Royal estate. The illuminations in London in honour of the anniversary exceeded those of former years. Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., in the evening presided over a dinner at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, held by the Court tradesmen and manufacturers for more than a quarter of a century to celebrate the birthday of the Prince. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princes Albert Victor and George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and by the guests staying at Sandringham, were present at Divine service. The Rev. F. E. J. Hervey officiated and preached the sermon. The birthday of the Prince falling on Sunday, the customary rejoicings at Windsor were deferred until Monday. Prince Albert Victor left Sandringham on Monday, and proceeded to Cambridge to resume his studies at Trinity College; and Prince George proceeded to London, to resume his studies at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. The Earl of Dufferin, the Countess of Dufferin, and Lady Helen Blackwood, having concluded their visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, left Sandringham for London. The Prince, who arrived at Marlborough-house from Sandringham on Monday evening, was present at a meeting on Wednesday of the members of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, at 8, Richmond-terrace. His Royal Highness, attended by Colonel A. Ellis, left London on Tuesday afternoon on a visit to the Marquis of Abergavenny, at Eridge Castle, Tunbridge-wells.

The bust of the late Archbishop Tait was placed in Westminster Abbey on Thursday.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

The courteous reception of General Sir Peter Lumsden and his companions, forming the Afghan Boundary Commission, by the Shah of Persia at his capital city of Teheran, was described in this Journal. We gave two of the Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, who travels with the Commissioner—one showing the British Ambassador presenting Sir Peter Lumsden to his Majesty at the Sultanabad Palace; the other being a view of the Gulahek Villa, the summer residence of the Embassy in the neighbourhood of Teheran. While the Commissioner and his party sojourned at that place, on Oct. 1, being the day styled in the Moslem Calendar the 10th of Zool-Hejja, the yearly religious festival of the Eedi Korban occurred, which is held in commemoration of Abraham's intended sacrifice of his son. The Arabians and Persians believe that the son who was to have been sacrificed by his father was not named Isaac, but Ishmael; and the Shiah sect of Mohammedans, to which those of Persia generally belong, keep this festival in a different manner from the Sonni, who are the orthodox followers of the Prophet in Turkey, Egypt, and Arabia. On the day in question, his Majesty the Shah, according to custom, held a state reception at Sultanabad, and sent carriages to fetch the members of the British Legation and of the Afghan Frontier Commission, including our Artist. His Sketch of the Court Ceremonial appears in this Number of our Journal, along with one taken on the route eastward, by way of Meshed, to the Afghan frontier, which the party have reached in safety. Mr. Simpson writes as follows:—

"The Eedi Korban, or the Festival of Sacrifice, is the same as that known in Turkey as Korban Bairam. It is held on the day when a similar sacrifice is gone through at Mecca, as one of the ceremonies of the Haj. A camel is the sacrifice at Mecca, and one is sacrificed at Teheran. It is the Shah who is supposed to sacrifice the animal, a remnant of old ideas when the King and Priest were combined in the same person. In this case the killing of the animal is done by deputy, but to show that the deputy represents the Shah, shatters, or footmen, in the royal red livery attend. One piece of the animal is sent to the Shah to be eaten by him, and the camel is cut in pieces, and distributed among the various Guilds of Teheran. For some days before the festival, the buying of sheep may be seen going on in the streets, and presents are made to servants and poor people of as much money as will purchase a sheep on that day. The camel is the Shah's sacrifice, and the sheep is the sacrifice of the people. The day is a complete holiday, all the bazaars are closed, and no work is done. The Shah holds one of his Salaams on this Festival; and as he is at present residing at his Summer Palace of Sultanabad, this ceremony took place there. His Majesty sat in one of the doors of the Palace—most probably a custom which has come down from antiquity, for we read in Scripture of the King sitting in the gate and administering justice. The Ministers and Court officials formed three sides of a square on the outside; the Ministers were in front and the courtiers on each side. They all wore the peculiar conical turban, which is considered essential in Persia as part of the Court uniform; and each had a long robe, which covered the whole person from the neck to the heels. This is now the Court dress. Red stockings are held essential to the Court costume. The Shah himself wore a uniform which seemed dark blue, and on it were the same diamonds described in the reception given to Sir Peter Lumsden and suite; but, on this occasion, his Majesty wore a brilliant aigrette, or spray of gold and gems, in the front of his hat. He also wore a sword covered with gems. One of the principal officials stood in the centre of the square before the Shah, and to him his Majesty spoke, as if speaking to all. The Shah wished them all a good feast, or festival, and congratulated his people on the absence of disease, referring to the countries of Europe where the cholera had caused so many deaths. His Majesty said they had all reason to be thankful to God; the person standing in the centre answers, and says 'good' or 'well' to such remarks. After some remarks of this kind, a Khatib, or reader, stood forward and repeated some words which I understood were partly religious, and partly referred to the Shah. After that, one who might perhaps be called the Poet Laureate came forward. He is supposed to extemporise verses on the Shah. Whenever the Shah's name was mentioned, all present bowed towards his Majesty. When this was over, the company moved to one side, and a number of troops present marched past, and the Salaam was over. After the ceremony the Shah sent for my sketch-book, but I fear that the hurried and rough outlines made during the short period the ceremony lasted could not have appeared very satisfactory. His Majesty regularly receives the Illustrated London News, and has the names of all the illustrations written out in Persian, so that he can look over the pictures and understand at once what the subjects are; and he had no doubt felt a natural desire to see by what means the illustrations were produced. His Majesty most kindly sent a carriage to take me to Sultanabad, to see the Salaam, and sent me back again to the British Legation. When the carriage came to the Legation, a gentleman with it, who wore a silver mace, and was clothed in blue and silver, announced that the carriage had been sent for the Naksh Bashi, or 'Great Artist.' For his Majesty's gracious attentions to me while in Teheran, I here express my best thanks; and the same to his Excellency Mahmoud Khan, the Foreign Minister, for his kindness, and to his grandson, Aboul Khassem Khan, B.A., who has been at Oxford and taken his degree there. He speaks English perfectly, and most kindly looked after me during the ceremony at Sultanabad.

"Demavend is a well-known mountain in Persia; it stands to the east of Teheran, and is said to be nearly 20,000 feet in height. It was lately ascended by Major Napier and Colonel Sartorius, who give the above as its altitude, and they report a crater on its summit, showing a volcanic origin, which is also indicated by its conical form. On the second march out of Teheran, it was almost due north of our camp at Kabud Gompaz, from which the Sketch was taken."

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain F. H. Young, of the barque Edmund Phinney, of Portland, Maine, United States of America, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the barque W. H. Harkness, of Swansea. The Board have also awarded binocular glasses to Captain Bernhard Olsen, of the Norwegian smack Jemima, of Flekkefjord, Captain Amund S. Paulsen, of the Norwegian schooner Skirner, of Tonsberg, and Captain Johann Gunnlangsson, of the Icelandic vessel Stormur, of Fagráskogur, in recognition of their humanity and kindness to several members of the crew of the schooner Chieftain, of Dundee, who had lost their vessel in a fog off the coast of Iceland on May 27 last. A piece of plate has been awarded by the Board to Captain A. Ricciotti, master of the Italian barque Iside B, of Spezia, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Earl Beaconsfield, of Glasgow, which was abandoned at sea while on a voyage from Greenock to San Francisco.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

The opening concert of the fourteenth season of this institution derived special importance from the performance of the music of Wagner's "Parsifal"—in oratorio form—with some omissions necessitated by the extreme length of the entire work. Of course the absence of the stage accessories—scenery, costume, and action—intended by the composer (who was also the author of the book) is attended with some loss of effect; but in this country, where the dramatising of sacred subjects is inadmissible, it is only under the modified conditions just referred to that the music could be given at all, and Mr. Barnby, the conductor of the society, is to be commended for the zeal and enterprise which he has displayed in producing, even in this form, the last and, as many hold, the greatest of all its composer's "opera-dramas." There is no occasion here to detail at length the incidents of the old legend of Parsifal, the "guileless youth," who recovers the sacred spear by which the Saviour's side was supposed to have been pierced, it having been wrested by the Magician Klingsor from the possession of King Amfortas, who is wounded in the struggle, and can only be cured by a touch from the recovered spear. The triumph of Parsifal, who is chosen keeper of the Holy Grail, the defeat of Klingsor, and of his agent, Kundry, an evil woman, form the main incidents of the book, the sombre tone of which is powerfully reflected in the music, of which it may be said that it displays all that wondrous power over orchestral effects and that earnest endeavour at dramatic expression that characterise all Wagner's stage works. His genius naturally inclined towards the tragic and the solemn—the passions of grief and remorse, and other strong emotions, are more or less present in all his opera-dramas, except "Die Meistersinger," the only one in which the element of humour is present. In "Parsifal," therefore, as in other works—perhaps more so—the prevalent tone is that of solemnity—sadness and gloom necessarily and appropriately colouring music associated with so serious a subject. It follows, therefore, that there is but little variety of character to afford matter for comment. The impressive orchestral prelude had previously been heard in concert performances, and again, on Monday, produced a marked impression. The music of Kundry was declaimed with great effect by Fraulein Malten, as was that of Parsifal by Herr Gudehus; and that for Gurnemanz and Amfortas, respectively, by Herr Scaria and Herr Schuegraf. One of the most important pieces for the soloists is the grand duet for Kundry and Parsifal, which forms so effective a climax to the second act. This was admirably given by the two artists first named; the others having declaimed their many long and somewhat monotonous solos with earnest force. Among the most effective scenes were that of the Feast of the Holy Grail, with its impressive choral contrasts; that of the magic garden, with the bright music of the Flower Maidens, and the dirge-like strains of the last scene, with the calm religious repose of the final climax. The solo singers already named have appeared in German performances of "Parsifal," the music of which was given on Monday in the original language. To Mr. Pyatt was allotted the passages belonging to Titirel, which he sang with good effect; other co-operating vocalists having been Mrs. Hutchinson, Misses Coward, Fenna, Thorndike, and Francis, Mesdames Hilemann and Norman, and Messrs. Lane, Thompson, and Young. The difficult choral music was very efficiently sung; and the elaborate and suggestive orchestral details were excellently realised. Mr. Barnby conducted the performance with great judgment and skill, and he and the principal vocalists were enthusiastically applauded. "Parsifal" is to be repeated this (Saturday) afternoon.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's new oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," was given by this society on the opening night of its new season, yesterday (Friday) week. The work, it will be remembered, was commissioned for the Norwich Festival, and produced with great success last month, as recorded by us at the time. Having then commented on its merits and characteristics, brief notice may suffice of its first performance in London, when it was again conducted by the composer, four of the principal solo vocalists having been the same as at Norwich—Miss Emma Nevada, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley having, respectively, sung the music of the Sulamite, the Beloved, and King Solomon; and Mr. Thorndike that of an Elder and an Officer. The contralto music for a Woman, before so finely rendered by Madame Patey, was last week assigned to Miss Hilda Wilson, who gave it with great effect.

Again the beautiful love music, expressively sung by Miss Nevada and Mr. Lloyd, exercised much charm; the important passages for Solomon having been given with impressive dignity by Mr. Santley; Mr. Thorndike having sung his music as efficiently as before.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The opening of a brief season of Italian opera here, under the direction of Mr. Samuel Hayes, was recorded last week. The performance of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," given on the opening night (Tuesday), was repeated on Thursday, and on Saturday "Don Giovanni" was performed, the title-character well filled by Signor Padilla. Madame Biro de Marion and Madame Sandrini (the latter a first appearance here) were earnest and impressive, respectively, as Donna Anna and Donna Elvira. Madame Rose Hersee was a genial Zerlina, and Signor Frapolli as Don Ottavio, Signor Castelmari as Leporello, and Signor Zoboli as Masetto, were efficient representatives of those parts. For last Monday "Il Trovatore" was announced; and for Tuesday a repetition of "Don Giovanni."

At the Popular concert of last Saturday afternoon, and at that of Monday evening, the refined and artistic pianoforte playing of Mlle. Kleeberg was a special feature. Beethoven's septet, for stringed and wind instruments—led by Herr Straus in association with other eminent artists—was an important item in Saturday's programme; the leading violinist having also distinguished himself by his fine performance in solo pieces. Madame Norman-Néruda reappeared as leading and solo violinist at Monday's concert, which included vocal pieces contributed by Mr. Thorndike, Mr. Santley having been the vocalist on Saturday.

The third Richter concert of the autumnal series of three took place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when Beethoven's choral symphony was very finely rendered, and formed a grand climax to the programme. The performance of the orchestra and the chorus in this leviathan work was admirable in every respect, and the solo portions were very efficiently sung by Miss A. Sherwin, Madame Fasset, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. F. King. The concert opened with Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," and included Walther's "Probenlied" from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," finely sung by Mr. Lloyd, and "Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber," from the same composer's "Die Walküre," in which Mr. King sustained the vocal part well. As at the preceding concerts, there was an overflowing audience, and Herr Richter was enthusiastically greeted.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Thronged by an enthusiastic, thoroughly interested, and sympathetic audience on Saturday evening, the Eighth of November, the handsome Haymarket Theatre will, in all likelihood, be crowded for the next few months. The overflowing house testified in the most unequivocal manner on the reopening night to the warm attachment that has grown up between metropolitan playgoers and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft; and the enthusiasm of the applause with which the accomplished and well-mated couple were greeted after the close of the performances amply betokened the high public appreciation of their praiseworthy services to the cause of dramatic art, and the widespread regret which has been occasioned by the announcement of their intention to resign the cares of management at the end of the present season. Assuredly, a trump card was played by the revival of that exceptionally successful comedy, "Diplomacy," so brilliantly adapted by Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. B. C. Stephenson from M. Sardou's "Dora," the English version of which enjoyed so prolonged a run at the Prince of Wales' Theatre when the Russo-Turkish war was the absorbing question of the hour. Necessarily, there are many changes in the memorable original cast. Two of the principals have gone into management on their own account at the St. James's and the Court. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft still take part in "Diplomacy"; but are modestly content with the rôles of Henry Beauclerc and Lady Henry Fairfax. Upon that graceful, charming, and passionate artiste, Mrs. Bernard Beere, devolves the important part of the designing Countess Zicka, whose character is portrayed to the life. Miss Calhoun, improving in each character she studies, achieved a similar triumph as the long-suffering heroine. This pleasing and promising young actress dresses in very indifferent taste. She should take counsel of an expert in costume. The Marquise of Miss Le Thière could scarcely be excelled; and to the resumed success of "Diplomacy" Mr. Barrymore as Count Orloff, Mr. Brookfield as Baron Stein, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Julian Beauclerc, also laudably contribute.

Mr. Bronson Howard, who won the favour of English playgoers some time ago with the exceedingly lively and humorous comedy of "Brighton," has successfully produced at the Court Theatre another American play, entitled "Young Mrs. Winthrop." When it is stated that Miss Marion Terry is the "Young Mrs. Winthrop" in question, I imagine it would be difficult for anyone to entertain anything but a warm regard for both heroine and comedy. Written with exemplary naturalness and much quiet humour, "Young Mrs. Winthrop" excites interest in the domestic cloud which threatens to darken the homes of the Winthrops, but which is dispelled in the nick of time to reconcile husband and wife. The emotional power of Miss Lydia Foote as the mother, the manly acting of Mr. H. B. Conway as Mr. Winthrop, the sweet charm of Miss Norreys in the part of a blind girl, the vivacity of Mrs. John Wood, and the artistic skill of Mr. Arthur Cecil in the rôle of the friendly lawyer, together with the grace of Miss Marion Terry, as previously indicated, should do much to ensure for "Young Mrs. Winthrop" a popularity which is fairly merited. What the play lacks in strength.

G. A. S.

ART NOTES.

At Messrs. Vokins' Gallery in Great Portland-street there is an exhibition of much interest to all students of English art. It consists of eighteen oil pictures by George Morland, and two hundred and twenty-seven engravings from his works. This large gathering of prints from the pictures of an artist who lived for only forty-one years shows how popular Morland must have been in his own day, and what a demand there must have been for his engraved works. They are all of that old-fashioned type so popular in country houses at the close of the last century, and mostly represent the pleasures and amusements of rural life, with such varieties of subject as appealed to the sentimental sympathies of ninety years ago. The pictures, though few in number, are all good examples of the artist—rich and juicy in colour, as all Morland's pictures are, and without a trace of decay or change in any of them. Though he was without that important quality of a great painter, imagination, he had a correct eye for effect; and if his subjects were common, he made them interesting by picturesque arrangement and faithful expression of their essential character. While we pity his foibles, we cannot withhold our admiration for his genius. Seeing that Morland's pictures were frequently copied as soon as they left his hands, it must have been a difficult task for Messrs. Vokins to bring together so many as eighteen well-authenticated examples of the artist; and they are to be congratulated on their successful efforts to enable the public to see and enjoy such a representative collection of the works of one who was essentially an English painter.

At the Burlington Gallery, 27, Old Bond-street, is to be seen a noteworthy picture, the joint work of the late Sir Edwin Landseer and Mr. Millais. It is by far the most important of the three works left unfinished by the former artist at the time of his death. "Found" is a dead fallow-deer, surrounded by a group of dogs of various breeds, in lifelike attitudes, with almost human expressions; and the animals—those alive, as well as the one lying dead—are painted with the force and consummate skill which marked the best period of Landseer's work, from which we are now separated by forty years. How so important a work could have lain so long unfinished and comparatively unknown requires some explanation. The most simple is probably near enough to the truth. After coming into Mr. Millais' hands to complete, in accordance with Landseer's wishes, the amount of work thrown upon the most popular portrait-painter caused him to postpone, from year to year, the filling-in of the background and landscape, the general scheme of which had been designed by Landseer himself. It must be admitted that the result in a great degree reconciles us to the delay. Mr. Millais has done his share of the work unobtrusively, with great care and sympathy; and we feel justified in anticipating for this work, which is to be engraved by Mr. Barlow, R.A., a popularity hardly inferior to some of Landseer's most favourite pictures.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, director of the South Kensington Museum, has during the last few days visited some towns in the west of England with a view of promoting art education and encouraging the communities to give a more generous support to their schools of art. On Friday he distributed the prizes and certificates at Tiverton; and last Saturday afternoon he discharged a similar duty at Weston-super-Mare, in the presence of a numerous and representative company.

It is announced that an international exhibition of arts, manufactures, scientific, agricultural and industrial products, mechanical processes, and new inventions will be opened at the Alexandra Palace, on March 31, 1885, and will remain open for six months. One tenth of the entire receipts are to be distributed among the various hospitals of the capital.

A conversazione was held at Skinners' Hall on Wednesday by the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society. There was a loan collection of antiquities and works of art.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The mournful news of Mr. Henry Fawcett's sudden death from pleurisy at Cambridge was learnt with surprise and the deepest regret in both Houses of Parliament on the 6th inst. Personally popular, Mr. Fawcett had won the esteem of all Parties by the consistent fairness and courtesy with which he presented his Radical views. Tidings of his loss came as a painful shock. Interrupting a debate on "Fair Trade" in the Lords, Earl Granville, plainly sorrowful at the departure of a valued colleague, with eloquent brevity conveyed the sad intelligence to the Upper House, and said he did "not know any man whose intellectual qualities more entitled him to the respect of everybody who knew him than the right honourable gentleman." With equal sincerity and similar good feeling did the Marquis of Salisbury pay tribute to the worth of Mr. Fawcett. It fell to the lot of the Marquis of Hartington the same evening to express to the Commons the regret of the Government at the demise of the Postmaster-General, with regard to whom Sir Stafford Northcote previously rose to bear witness that there was "no man who more thoroughly commanded and received the respect and regard of the House"—a sentiment which secured the sanction of Mr. Justin McCarthy, as representative of the Irish Party. As was but fit and proper, the Prime Minister on the morrow contributed his rhetorical wreath to the memory of Mr. Fawcett, and Lord John Manners, as his predecessor, joined heartily in the expression of regret likewise. If it be true that Mr. Shaw-Lefevre succeeds to the Postmaster-Generalship, the late Mr. Fawcett will have an admirable successor.

Coquetry with Protection! That is what the side-long digs at Free Trade mean—if they mean anything but a subtle desire to catch some votes on a will-o'-th' wisp issue. In making himself the advocate of what *Punch* once humorously stigmatised in a ballad named, "Oh! Fair Trade, oh! Fond Trade!" the Earl of Dunraven gained nothing on the 6th inst. He did but afford Earl Granville and Lord Kimberley opportunity, of which they both took full advantage, to show how immeasurably Free Trade had benefited this country. While justifying Lord Dunraven's request for a Select Committee of Inquiry into the cause of the prevailing depression in Trade and Agriculture, the Marquis of Salisbury judiciously prevailed on him to withdraw the motion.

Pending the return of the County Franchise Bill, the House of Lords has kept itself from rusting by the consideration of a variety of other subjects. The week opened with an interesting Indian discussion. It appears from an important petition presented by Lord Napier and Ettrick that many European, Hindoo, and Mussulman subjects of her Majesty in Madras, are of opinion that the Governor should not reside for so great a portion of the year at the Hills. The noble Lord and Lord Stanley of Alderley supported the prayer of the petition; but the Earl of Kimberley, the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Argyll, and the Marquis of Salisbury had no difficulty in defending the custom on hygienic and other grounds, albeit the Secretary for India remarked that Mr. Grant Duff was fully prepared to live the twelve-month round at Madras. The business of Tuesday was prefaced by the swearing in of a few new Peers, the Earl of Arran taking his seat as Baron Sudley, Viscount De Vesci as a Baron of the United Kingdom, Mr. J. G. Dodson as Baron Monk Bretton, and Sir Walter James as Baron Northbourne.

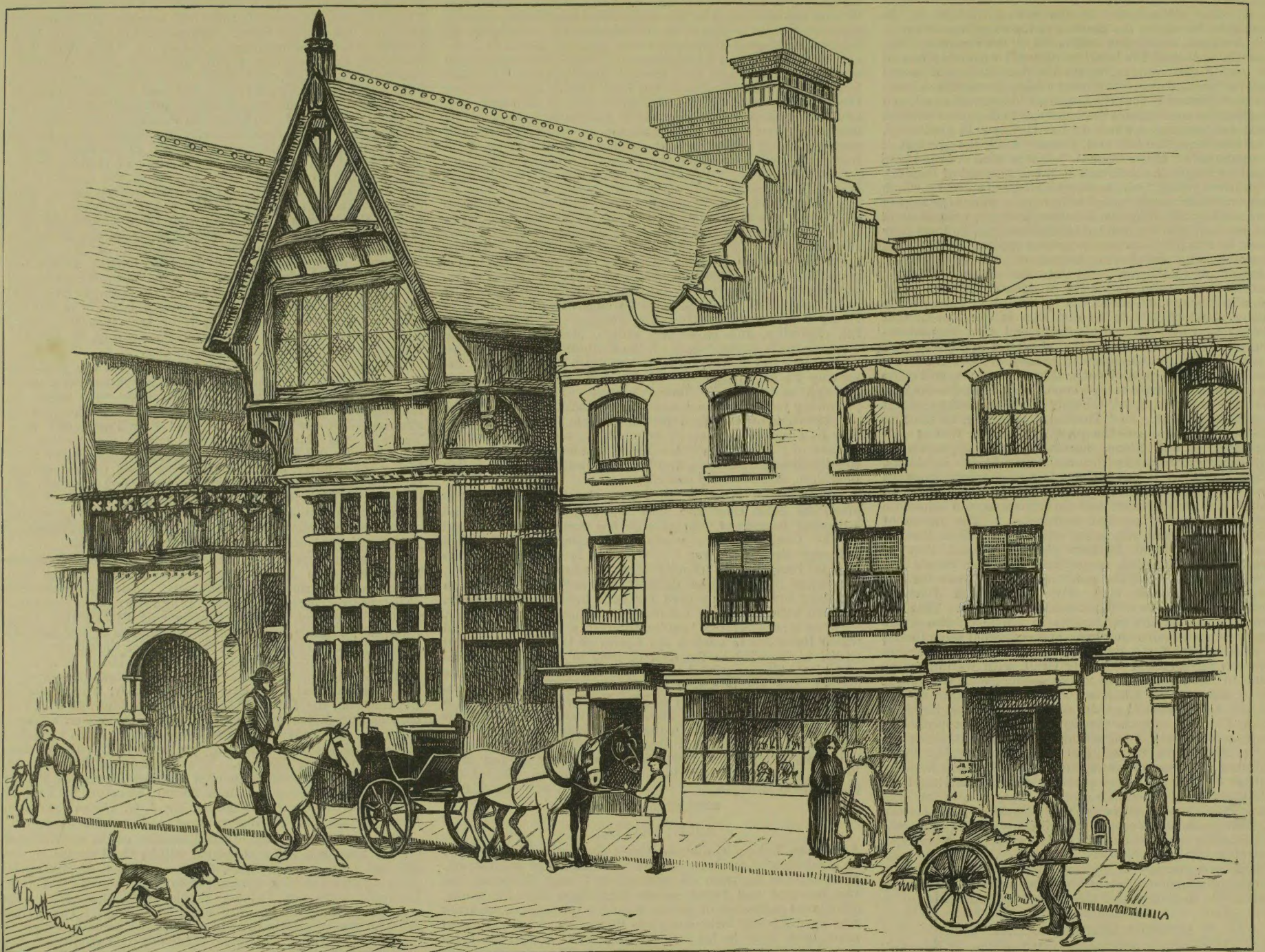
The conciliatory stage of the discussion of the reintroduced County Franchise Bill was opened well by the Premier on the 6th inst.; but was prefaced by the outburst of Ministerial cheering and a smiling greeting from Mr. Gladstone when Mr. Dodson's successor, Colonel Steble, took the oath, with marked fervour, as member for Scarborough. The Prime Minister was discreetly brief in moving the second reading of the Franchise Bill. He contented himself with reaffirming the impossibility of dealing simultaneously with the Franchise and Redistribution measures. Metaphorically putting himself in the position of a host who felt bound to rouse his guests when his house had caught fire, Mr. Gladstone neatly justified the warnings he had given the House of Lords, whom he adjured to procrastinate no longer. To propitiate the Opposition, the right hon. gentleman then referred to the general lines which the Government Redistribution Bill would follow, and persuasively declared that it was desired to make it the bill of the minority as well as of the majority of the House—a measure, in fine, comprehensive, equitable, and thorough, but not needlessly changeful. Mr. Gladstone concluded with an emphatic warning that rejection might kindle the fire not yet wasted, and earnestly conjured all Parties to join in the settlement of the Franchise question. Clearly as is his wont did Mr. E. Stanhope, in the absence of Lord Randolph Churchill, move that the bill would be unacceptable if unaccompanied by a rearrangement of electoral areas. An amusing incident of the debate was that Mr. Gorst broke loose from the Fourth Party, and boldly advised the Opposition not to make adversaries of the millions whose enfranchisement they strove to delay. This unexpected speech in support of the bill on the morrow brought down upon the devoted head of Mr. Gorst (seasonable though his reasonable counsel was to the Conservative Party) an unequalled rebuke from his quondam leader, Lord Randolph Churchill, who was even more hostile to the Ministerial measure than Sir Stafford Northcote himself. On a division, the amendment of Mr. Stanhope was negatived by a majority of 140—372 against 232, the Irish Party voting with the Government—and the Franchise Bill was read the second time.

If, as is supposed, the return of Mr. Sampson Lloyd by a large majority as Conservative member for South Warwickshire caused the Opposition between Saturday and Monday to resume its former position of irreconcilable antagonism to the Franchise Bill uncoupled with the sister measure, then must the leaders of the Conservative Party have reckoned without the hosts of County householders who have met to claim their right to vote. Mr. J. Lowther was on Monday the first to make himself the mouthpiece of what Mr. Gladstone designated "a sentiment of stern opposition to the principles of the present bill." Colonel Stanley's revived amendment to render the new Franchise Act inoperative until the passing of a Redistribution Bill was rejected by a majority of 85—194 against 109 votes. Disregarding Mr. Goschen's mediation, Lord John Manners threw himself into the breach in a Lowther-like spirit on Tuesday; and Mr. Gladstone's admirable reply called up Sir Richard Cross. But, in the end, the Franchise Bill was read the third time without a division. It now rests once more with the House of Lords whether the country shall be agitated from John o' Groat's to Land's End, or whether the Franchise, which both parties unite in supporting, shall be granted without further delay.

A jury in the Queen's Bench have awarded £400 to a young lady of Hawick, named Scott, for the breach of promise to marry her made by a Baptist minister of the same name.

Preston Park, which was recently purchased by the Corporation of Brighton, at a cost of over £50,000, was formally opened to the public last Saturday by the Mayor, Mr. Alderman A. H. Cox, in the presence of 20,000 people.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. HENRY FAWCETT, M.P., POSTMASTER-GENERAL.



BIRTHPLACE OF MR. FAWCETT AT SALISBURY.

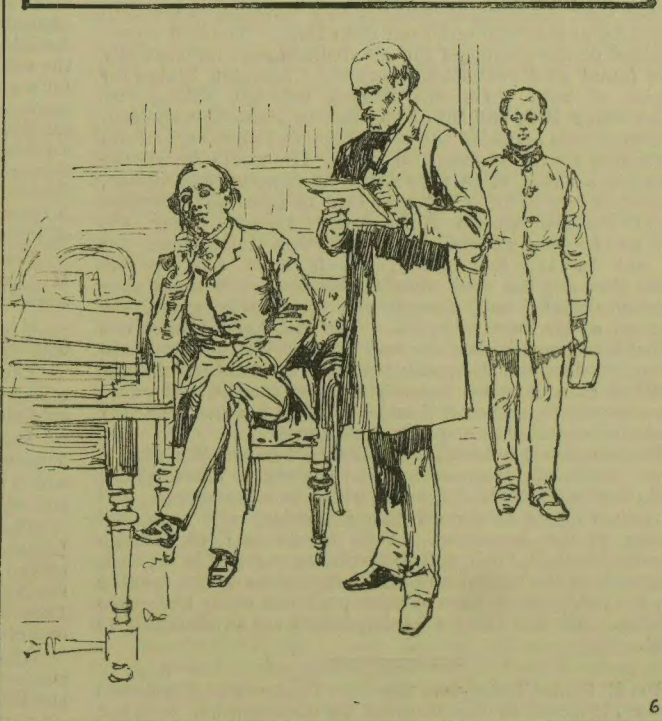
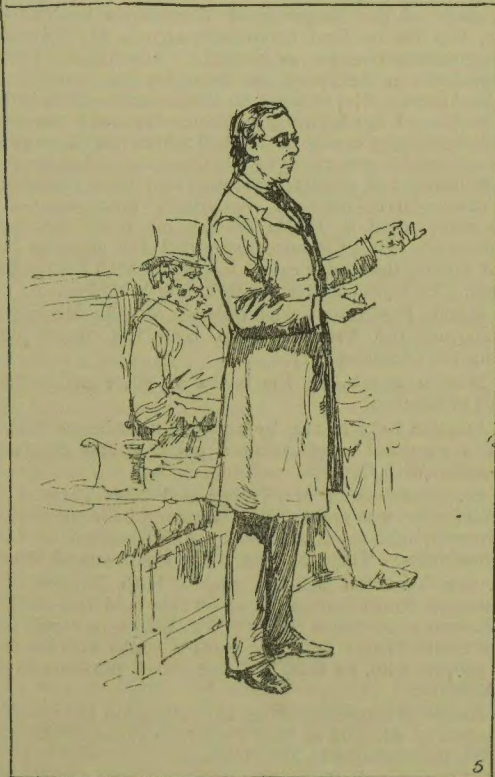
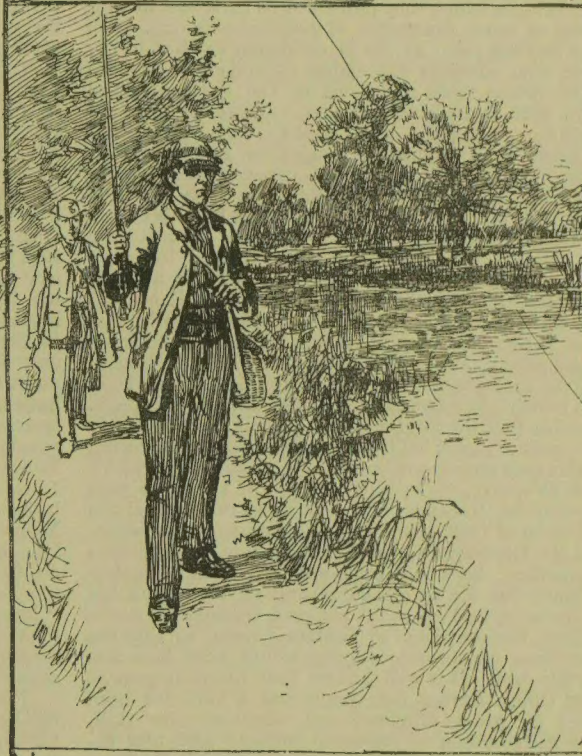
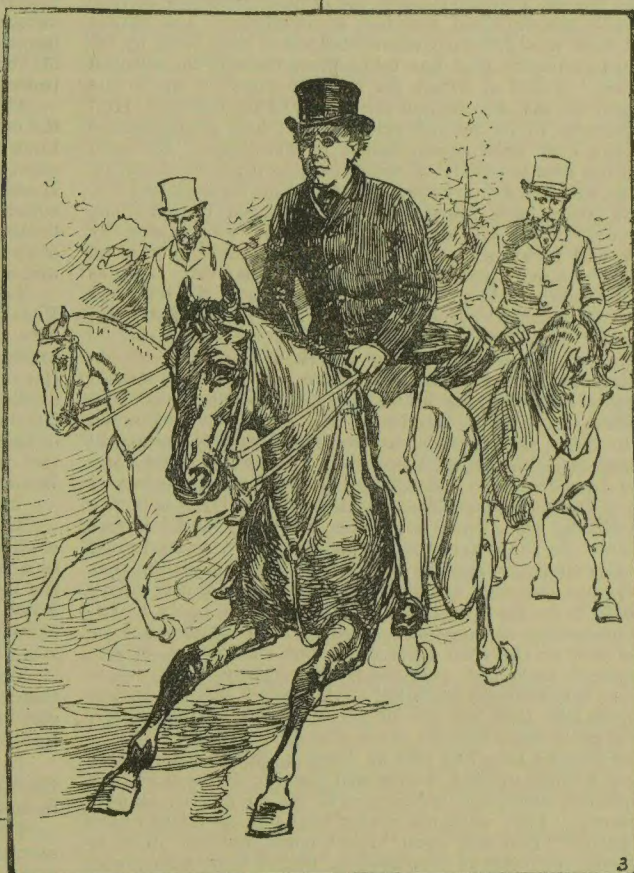
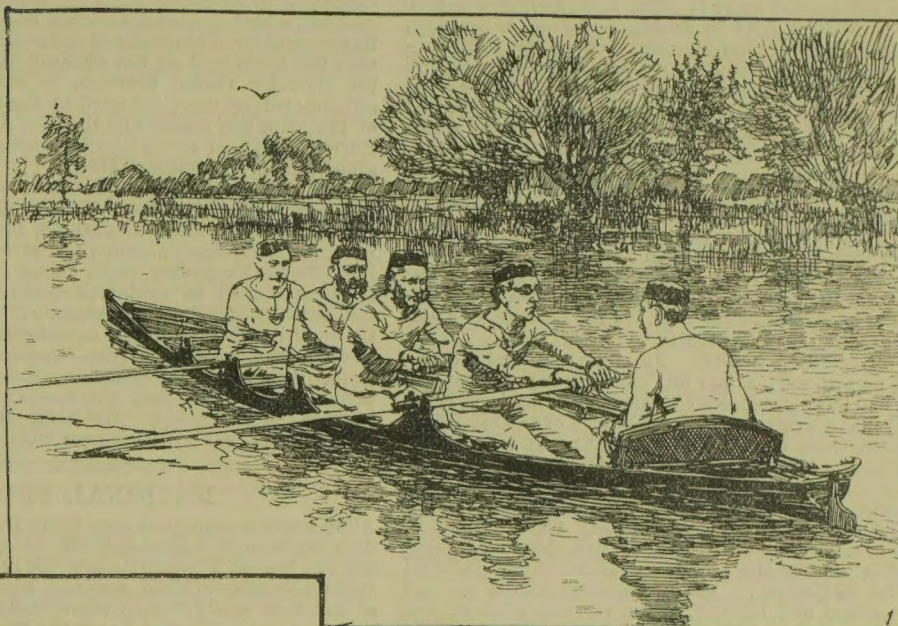


TRUMPINGTON CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE; FUNERAL OF MR. FAWCETT.

SKETCHES IN THE LIFE OF MR. FAWCETT.



MRS. FAWCETT.



1. Rowing. 2. Skating. 3. Riding. 4. Fishing. 5. In the House of Commons. 6. At the Post Office. 7. At a City Luncheon Bar.

The unexpected death, at Cambridge, on Thursday week, of the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., Postmaster-General, has caused a general feeling of sincere regret. He was not only an able and useful member of the present Ministry, and a thoughtful leader of political opinion, distinguished in the House of Commons by the independence and integrity of his judgment, a University professor of economic science, and an earnest advocate of Liberal principles; he was even more remarkable as a man who had both endured and overcome, with undaunted fortitude and perseverance, one of the severest personal afflictions—the total deprivation of sight. His example of courageous self-help in this respect has long won

the respect and admiration, as well as the sympathy, of multitudes of his fellow-countrymen, while his public career has been such as never to provoke among party opponents the slightest degree of personal animosity, and his consistency and fidelity to his convictions has never been doubted by those who differed with him in some matters of opinion. Few active and conspicuous members of Parliament have left a record of their services more clear of reproach; there was indeed one occasion, during Mr. Gladstone's former Ministry, in 1873, when the course that Mr. Fawcett thought it his duty to take, upon the Irish Universities Bill, occasioned some embarrassment to a Government of his own party; but every-

body gave him credit for honourable and disinterested motives, and his character as an Independent Liberal stood higher than if he had been disposed to compromise his known views regarding the freedom and completeness of University education.

This distinguished and estimable man was born at Salisbury in 1833, son of Mr. William Fawcett, an Alderman and Magistrate of that city, who is still living, now above ninety years of age. The mother of the late Mr. Henry Fawcett, also surviving him, is a daughter of the late Mr. W. Cooper, of Salisbury. Mr. Henry Fawcett was educated at King's College School, London, and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, of

which he was elected a scholar; he graduated as B.A., winning mathematical honours as Seventh Wrangler in 1856, and was then elected to a fellowship in his College. He took his degree of M.A. in 1859. It was in September, 1858, when out partridge-shooting with his father, that he met with the extraordinary accident which inflicted on him total blindness. A gun went off, and the shot pierced both his eyes, at once destroying his sight for the remainder of his life. He used afterwards to wear spectacles in public, and in society, but merely to hide the appearance of the injured eyes, for he could not distinguish light from darkness. Nevertheless, he resolved not only to continue his studies, and to engage in public business, but also to practise, so far as was possible, every kind of open-air exercise and healthy sport to which he had previously been accustomed. He was fond of athletic pastimes, of walking, riding, skating, rowing, and angling, each of which he contrived to pursue with as much vigour and enjoyment as before. At the same time, he devoted himself to the science of political economy, and to politics in general, having books and papers read to him, and dictating to an amanuensis the essays which he composed for various magazines and reviews. These soon gained him a considerable reputation, and in 1863 he was elected Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. His standard work, "A Manual of Political Economy," was published a year or two afterwards, and was followed, in 1865, by his Lectures on "the Economic Position of the British Labourer." In July of the same year, he was elected M.P. for Brighton, having previously been an unsuccessful candidate for Southwark in 1857, for the borough of Cambridge in 1863, and for Brighton in February, 1864. He was re-elected for Brighton in 1868. At every contested election he refused, on principle, to pay any expenses beyond those of the official and strictly necessary arrangements; indeed, it has been stated that his private income, scarcely exceeding £500 a year, would not have borne the cost which many other candidates have been willing to incur. In 1867 he married a very clever and accomplished lady, Miss Millicent Garrett, daughter of Mr. Newton Garrett, of Aldborough, and sister of Mrs. Garrett Anderson, the first English lady physician. Mrs. Henry Fawcett, who was born in 1847, has shared her husband's studies and pursuits, and published in 1869 a "Political Economy for Beginners," she also contributed to a joint volume of essays and lectures, upon various political and economic questions, which they published in 1872, and in 1874 wrote a series of tales, illustrative of political economy. She has taken a leading part, as she is eminently entitled to do, among those who advocate the claims of women to exercise the right of voting when possessed of the same electoral qualification that is required of men. Professor Fawcett taught, wrote, lectured, and spoke with recognised authority upon such topics as pauperism and the Poor Laws, Free Trade, industrial and commercial interests, finance, and national education; besides which he bestowed special attention upon the condition of India, and his efforts for the benefit of our Asiatic fellow-subjects, by removing oppressive taxation, were gratefully acknowledged by many of them in communications which have been often noticed. He opposed and defeated the Irish Universities Bill of 1873 solely upon the ground that it would have injuriously limited the range of higher education in Ireland by striking out those subjects, philosophy, ethics, and history, in which the Roman Catholics were indisposed to receive instruction from a body constituted jointly of Protestant and Roman Catholic members. It is undeniable that the failure of the Liberal Government to settle that question partly led to its overthrow in the following year, and this may have contributed to the loss of his seat for Brighton in February, 1874; but in April of the same year he was elected for Hackney, and was again returned at the General Election of 1880. He was then appointed Postmaster-General in Mr. Gladstone's new Administration, and became a Privy Councillor; he would probably have been a member of the Cabinet but for an official scruple on account of his blindness—namely, that he could not read confidential documents without the assistance of another person, so that the liberal observance of absolute secrecy would have been impossible in his case. It is well known that his management of the Post Office, during four years and a half, has been characterised by great diligence and administrative skill, and by the introduction of valuable reforms and new institutions, particularly in the money-order system, the Savings' Bank, annuities, and life assurance provisions, the telegraph service, reply post-cards, and latterly the Parcels Post. In 1883, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He had the honorary degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D. conferred on him by more than one University. He has left one child, a daughter, about fifteen years of age. His residence in London was at The Lawn, South Lambeth, and in Cambridge at 18, Brookside, where he died. His health seems to have been weakened by a severe attack of diphtheria two years ago, but there was no abatement of his personal activity. The last time he spoke in public was at a political meeting in the Tower Hamlets on the 13th ult. He went from London to Cambridge on Saturday, the 1st inst., and afterwards rode on horseback, and entertained some friends to dinner. On the next day he was ill, and was found to be suffering from pleurisy and inflammation of the right lung. He was attended by Dr. Latham and Dr. Paget, and Mrs. Garrett Anderson came from London to see her brother-in-law on the Wednesday. Sir Andrew Clarke was summoned on Thursday, but found the patient sinking from failure of the heart's action. Mr. Fawcett died at half-past five that afternoon.

The news of this melancholy event was immediately made known in London, and was announced in both Houses of Parliament. Lord Granville and Lord Salisbury in the one House, Lord Hartington and Sir Stafford Northcote in the other, joined in bearing testimony to the excellent qualities of Mr. Fawcett; and on Friday evening Mr. Gladstone, who had been absent on the former occasion, spoke in similar terms of the merits of the deceased, and of the loss which Parliament and the country have sustained. A message of condolence was sent by the Queen to Mrs. Henry Fawcett. The topic was alluded to on Sunday by many clergymen and dissenting ministers in their pulpit sermons.

The funeral took place on Monday in the churchyard of Trumpington, a village about two miles south of Cambridge. It was attended by many of Mr. Fawcett's colleagues in the Ministry, Mr. Childers, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Sir T. Brassey, Mr. J. K. Cross, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone; by many members of Parliament, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Camperdown, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Plunket, Mr. J. A. Campbell, Mr. Woodall, Mr. J. Holms, Mr. J. Morley, Mr. James Howard, Mr. Illingworth, Mr. Sydney Buxton, Mr. A. Cohen, Mr. Rathbone, and others; by Lady Harborton, Mrs. Ashton Dilke, Mrs. Maclaren, Miss Becker, and Miss Müller, representing the association for obtaining the franchise for women; by the Secretary to the Post Office, Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, and other chief officials in that department; by Lal Mohun Ghose and other native Indian gentlemen; and by numerous personal friends, coming from London by a special train. The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the Master of Trinity Hall (Sir H. Sumner Maine,

K.C.S.I.), and the Fellows and other members, the Professors of the University and Heads of Colleges, were also present. In the chapel of Trinity Hall, at the morning service, special prayers were read by the Rev. H. Latham, Vice-Master. The family mourners who followed the coffin were two brothers of the deceased, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Garrett, Mr. Anderson and Mrs. Garrett Anderson, and other relatives. Mrs. Henry Fawcett and daughter were in the church. The coffin, covered with wreaths of white flowers, was conveyed from Mr. Fawcett's house at Brookside to Trumpington on an open bier drawn by two horses, without any funeral trappings. A procession was formed to escort it to the grave, six college servants and six Post Office letter-carriers walking beside it. Around the grave, on tombstones, on bushes, and against the church walls lay garlands of white flowers sent from hundreds of different people. The grave is near the south wall of the chancel, and not far from that of the Rev. Dr. Grote, Professor of Moral Philosophy. The religious service was performed by the Rev. E. B. Birks, Vicar of Trumpington, assisted by the Rev. J. C. Egerton, Rector of Burwash. There was a special funeral service on Monday afternoon at Westminster Abbey.

We present illustrations of the house in which Mr. Fawcett was born, in Queen-street, Salisbury, facing the Market-place, and of the house where he died, 18, Brookside, on the London road, at Cambridge; also of a few well-known incidents of his life. In the engraving which shows the birthplace at Salisbury, it should be explained that the dwelling formerly inhabited by Mr. Fawcett's parents is the lower building, to the right hand, extending a considerable length, now divided in occupation between a corn-chandler's shop and the residence of a medical gentleman; not the adjacent premises with the tall gable roof and the front of decorative woodwork in antique style. The elder Mr. Fawcett afterwards removed to a country house near Salisbury.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

After a race meeting has once fairly started on the down line, it is notoriously a most difficult matter to arrest its decline, and the Messrs. Topham deserve the highest credit for having apparently accomplished that feat at Liverpool. The fixture of last week was generally acknowledged to have been by far the most successful that has taken place there in the autumn for years. A field of fifteen for the Cup was fully up to the average of the last decade, and the victory of Thebais (9st. 4lb.) well deserves to be ranked amongst the best performances that have ever been accomplished in handicaps. No such burden has ever been carried successfully in this race except by Sterling, who had exactly the same weight on his back in 1873, and, six years later, Master Kildare managed to get home under 8st. 13lb. He, as well as Thebais, was ridden by Archer, and mention of the great jockey reminds us that he has just sustained a sad loss in the death of his wife. Goggles (7st.), in spite of his poor show at Lincoln, was the only one that gave Thebais any trouble, though Sweetbread (9st. 3lb.) ran fairly well, and ought to win another race before his legs, which are in a very doubtful state, necessitate his retirement from the turf. Acrostic had a very profitable journey to Liverpool, as he secured both the Stewards' Cup and Great Lancashire Handicap; but there was not much merit in either performance, as the handicappers seemed to have forgotten his Royal Hunt Cup victory at Ascot, and treated him far too leniently. The principal performer amongst the two-year-olds was Mallow, an Irish colt, by York—Clyda, who won both the Knowsley and Downe Nurseries. In the latter race, he had 9st. to carry, and must be a really smart youngster; so it is not at all surprising that Necromancer, who was not quite up to the mark, failed to give him 16 lb. in the first event, and thus sustained his only defeat. As is customary at Liverpool, there was a hurdle-race or steeplechase on the card each day; but the doings of the "jumpers" were not particularly interesting, and, unless ranks are very strongly recruited at the end of the flat-racing season, we fear that we are in for another very dull winter, as far as cross-country sport is concerned.

Now that we have had two or three nights in which there has been a touch of frost, horses will run far better than they have hitherto done, and coursing will go on merrily all over the country. Last week was a very busy one, as lovers of the old style of "free and open" sport could indulge in it to their heart's content at Newmarket, whilst those who prefer to take their amusement without any exertion were well catered for at Gosforth and Four Oaks Park. The best representatives of class amongst the greyhounds were undoubtedly to be found at Newmarket, where the Champion Stakes for puppies of both sexes was divided between Viking, by Leader—Meg Hill, and Bit of Fashion, by Paris—Pretty Nell. The former was certainly the best puppy in the stake, and ran all his five courses in beautiful style. He would be all the better for a shade more pace; still, he is a really good one, and quite likely to fill a Waterloo Cup nomination. Perhaps Bit of Fashion was a little lucky to get where she did, as it was generally thought that Chatterbox put her out in the first round, yet it must not be forgotten that she has now won twelve courses without once suffering defeat; and, though not remarkably game, she possesses a fine turn of speed. The All-Aged Stakes was divided between Minchonnier and Tippetty-Witchet, and both thoroughly deserved their positions. Mr. A. A. Steward made his début as a coursing judge with great success, and would have succeeded even better than he did if he had not been very unsuitably mounted in one or two instances.

We seem likely to have more billiards than ever this winter. Three American tournaments have already taken place, Mitchell winning both of those in which he was engaged; and a fourth will be conducted this (Saturday) afternoon and evening at the Aquarium. Such cracks as Cook, Joseph Bennett, Mitchell, Peall, and Richards are engaged in it; and, judging from the capital musters of spectators on the opening day, the public are as keen as ever to witness really high-class billiards. All Mr. Carey's arrangements are as admirable as usual.

Dr. E. Symes Thompson, Gresham Professor of Physic and Senior Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, gave last Saturday the first of a series of lectures in connection with the Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society. The lecture was given at the residence of Lord and Lady Brabazon, 83, Lancaster-gate. Dr. Thompson's subject was Temperate Teaching on Temperance.

Last Saturday, at the Guildhall, Mr. Alderman Nottage was sworn in as Lord Mayor, and was invested with the insignia of his office. A deputation of the United Wards Club waited upon the outgoing Lord Mayor on Saturday, and presented him with a copy of a resolution unanimously passed at a recent meeting of the club expressing their appreciation of the manner in which he had discharged his duties during his year of office. Lord Mayor Fowler yesterday week was admitted to the freedom and livery of the Grocer's Company, in recognition of the manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office during his year of mayoralty.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Nov. 11.

Cholera is the topic of the day. The alarm was given last Tuesday of a case, followed by death, near the Banque de France. Since then, according to the statistics published by the prefecture, the epidemic has been rapidly increasing. Here are the figures:—Nov. 4, 3 cases, 2 deaths; Nov. 5, 9 cases, 6 deaths; Nov. 6, 10 cases, 5 deaths; Nov. 7, 28 cases, 8 deaths; Nov. 8, 75 cases, 15 deaths; Nov. 9, 186 cases, 51 deaths; Nov. 10, 152 cases, and 33 deaths. It will be remarked that the proportion of deaths is very small, and the epidemic is in reality mild. Furthermore, it has been observed that not one single victim was thoroughly healthy when attacked by the cholera, and that almost all those attacked are persons who lived in unhealthy dwellings, were poor, badly fed, or addicted to alcohol. The principal centre of the disease is in a district of the Faubourg St. Antoine inhabited by rag-pickers. The news of the cholera caused some alarm during the first day or two, and people began to talk about leaving Paris. At present, however, there is no change to be observed in the physiognomy of the city. Nevertheless, it is certain that the epidemic, whether it prove to be mild or severe, will have a disastrous effect on commerce. During the summer, the cholera in the south deprived Paris of its usual contingent of visitors, and now, just as foreigners were beginning to think that Paris was safe, the epidemic breaks out in the very heart of the city.

The Senate has voted the bill of electoral reform introduced by the Government, but with such an important modification that the whole question will have to be discussed again by the Chamber. The senators compensated for the suppression of the life-senators by adding a clause reserving to the Senate the right to elect itself seventy-five members whose term of office is to be nine years. This modification practically nullifies the project of the Government. The conduct of M. Ferry in the Chinese question is giving rise to severe comments. Yesterday, after having given a rendezvous to the members of the Tonquin credits commission, M. Ferry refused to appear or to give any explanations. The newspapers are crying out about a shameful peace, and about the autocratic proceedings of the Minister. Indeed, it seems not improbable that M. Ferry will have to retire; in which case, M. Brisson, the President of the Chamber, will be called upon to form a Cabinet.

The necrology of the week includes the names of Frezzolini, the celebrated soprano, and of Madame Anaïs Lebrun, better known as the Comtesse De Bassanville, who died at the age of eighty-two, in the Hospice de Sainte Péline. Madame De Bassanville was the author of a "Code du Cérémonial," in which she taught the democracy of the present day the traditions of politeness and *savoir vivre*. Her "Salons d'Auteuil" contains agreeable pictures of French society under the first Empire and the Restoration.

The *Journal Officiel* publishes a decree authorising a Universal International Exhibition to be held at Paris from May 5 to Oct. 31, 1889. M. Antonin Proust is appointed president to the preparatory committee. It is probable that the exhibition will be held at the Trocadéro, on the Champs de Mars, on the Esplanade des Invalides, and at the Palais de l'Industrie, it being easy to unite these four places by means of bridges. This plan would have the advantage of having the entrance to the exhibition within an easy walk of the Boulevards.

T. C.

The Pope held a Consistory on Monday, at which he created nine new Cardinals, and then delivered an allocution, in which he specially alluded to the affairs of the Church in the British Colonies and in Africa.—The Turin National Exhibition is to be kept open until the 20th inst., to enable the exhibitors to dispose of the contents of their stalls; but it will then be definitively closed.

The Belgian Parliament was opened on Tuesday by Royal Commission, without any Speech from the Throne. At the conclusion of the sitting of the Senate, some street manifestations took place, and arrests were made.

In the divorce case between Madame Patti and her husband, the Marquis de Caux, judgment was pronounced on Wednesday in favour of the Marquis.

The state of the Emperor of Germany's health is reassuring, but his medical attendants enjoin his Majesty to avoid over-exertion as far as possible. The Crown Princess arrived at Arco, in the Tyrol, last Saturday, on a visit to the Archduke Albert. She returns to Berlin on the 19th inst. for the celebration of her birthday.—Prince Bismarck has applied for a supplementary credit of 180,000 marks for the appointment of a German governor to the Cameroons territory, and for the equipment of coasting steamers and river launches for service there.—Rear-Admiral Archibald MacLean, of the German navy, died at Berlin on the 7th inst. He was of Scotch descent. In 1879 he commanded the corvette Prince Adalbert during the cruise round the world with Prince Henry of Prussia. Last year he retired from active service.

The Greek Parliament was opened on the 6th inst. by M. Tricoupis, the Premier, who read the Royal decree convoking the Chamber.

Mr. Masson has taken the oaths of office as Lieutenant Governor of Quebec.

The Jamaica Legislature, by a nearly unanimous vote, has rejected a proposal to establish a political and commercial confederation with Canada.

The reappearance of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry at New York on Tuesday was greeted by a large and brilliant audience, which overwhelmed them with every manifestation of delight and appreciation. The play was "The Merchant of Venice."

The new Taxation Bill has passed both Houses of the Legislature of South Australia.—At a fête held last Saturday by the French residents at Sydney, Mr. Dibbs, as representing the New South Wales Ministry, paid a warm tribute to the French people, who, he said, had been their partners in glory and civilisation.

The House of Representatives at Wellington has sanctioned the payment of £15,000 as New Zealand's share of the cost of the British protectorate in New Guinea.

Lord Ripon left Simla on Monday for the tour in Northern India which he will make on his way to Calcutta.—Sir Salar Jung has been appointed Knight Commander of the Star of India.

The Chinese Government has paid the indemnity claimed by England for the loss suffered by British subjects during the native riots at Canton in September, 1883.

If it be allowable to judge of the whole from a part, one must needs form a most favourable opinion of Messrs. Mansell's Christmas and New-Year cards, from the few specimens sent; and persons intending to make reasonable gifts of this kind will do well to call at Messrs. Mansell's place of business, 271, Oxford-street; especially as, besides their own productions, those of the principal makers of Christmas cards are exhibited in their show-rooms.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

There is very little news this week of positive importance with regard to Lord Wolsley's expedition. The Commander-in-Chief is at Dongola, with the advanced portion of his force, while the tedious work of bringing up the remainder, from Wady Halfa and from Assouan, is being performed as well as the circumstances permit. Four hundred of the rowing-boats have passed the Second Cataract, and the next batch, of equal number, is passing the First Cataract; but the river is falling some inches daily, and it is expected that, in more than one place, the boats will have to be carried along its bank. The required stores at the front are still deficient, and there is a difficulty in forwarding them, since "nuggars," or native barges, can no longer ascend the Upper Nile. No additional intelligence of General Gordon's situation at Khartoum had been received up to Wednesday evening. At Souakim, on the Red Sea coast, renewed attacks on the garrison have been attempted by the followers of Osman Digna, but they were easily repulsed; this happened again last Tuesday morning, when the cavalry pursued the retreating enemy a distance of nine miles.

The railway from Wady Halfa to Sarraz has been completely organised for traffic, but the projected extension from Sarraz to Senneh has been given up, on account of the lack of engine power for its working. The 8th Company of the Royal Engineers, under the command of Brevet-Major D. A. Scott, has rendered valuable service; the right half-company, under Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Vidal, being employed in railway construction and repair; the left half-company, under Captain Von Donop, Lieutenant J. A. Ferrier, and Lieutenant Roper, in the work belonging to railway traffic. We are indebted to an officer for the Sketches engraved and published this week, showing the scenes on the Nile which they passed from Assouan to Wady Halfa, the labours of putting railway material, tools, stores, and plant on board the barge for conveyance up the river, to be towed by a steamer, and other incidental operations. The ruined Castle of Ibream, in Nubia, situated on the summit of a rock, has often been noticed by travellers; it was the site of a Roman fortress. This "Railway Company" of the Royal Engineers seems deserving of particular recognition. It consists of six officers and 125 non-commissioned officers and men, who were specially trained in railway work near Chatham, on a piece of line belonging to the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company. They were admitted to the large workshops of that company at Long-hedge, Wandsworth-road, and to many of the stations, where they learnt the duties of guards, signalmen, and pointsmen. One section, as mentioned above, were trained as plate-layers, carpenters, and smiths for laying the rails; the other section, for traffic work, got instruction as engine-drivers, firemen, engine-fitters, engine-cleaners, pointsmen, and in the making-up and management of trains, and the duties of a railway station. Some of them, in their uniform of dark blue serge, with a military forage cap, were to be seen last summer helping in the ordinary traffic of the line, and soldier engine-drivers actually drove the mail-train from Dover to London. This sort of practice went on for more than a month, in preparation, as was then supposed, for constructing and working a line from Souakim to Berber. When that plan was abandoned, and Lord Wolsley's Nile Expedition was ordered, it was a great advantage to have the ready service of picked and trained men of the Royal Engineers for the short pieces of railway necessary to convey stores past the First and Second Cataracts. They embarked at Gravesend on Sept. 3, on board the steam-ship *Rewa*, arrived at Alexandria on the 15th; and, after a delay of two days at Cairo, reached Assouan on the 29th. A locomotive engine had already been embarked at Shelal, opposite the Isle of Philæ, by the 26th Company of the Royal Engineers. Major Scott's company immediately set to work embarking the other railway stores, with the assistance of working parties from different regiments, and of native labour. Their services have been of great utility, and it is only to be regretted that the want of more engines is likely to prevent the use of railways beyond the Second Cataract.

At a meeting of the Common Council on the 6th inst., Mr. T. Roderick, solicitor, who has been for many years in the Secondary's office, was elected Secondary in the room of Mr. De Jersey.

Mr. Thomas Brock, A.R.A., has received a commission for a colossal bronze statue of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, to be erected outside the Margate Infirmary, which owes so much to that physician. He will be represented clad in his robes of office as President of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Our Portrait of the late Dr. Samuel Rabbeth is from a photograph by Mr. J. Deane Hilton, of Savoy-street, Strand; that of Mrs. Fawcett is from one by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street, as well as that of her husband, which was published when he took office as Postmaster-General.

The poll for South Warwickshire was declared last Saturday, Mr. Sampson S. Lloyd, Conservative, being returned to Parliament by 3095 votes, or 1176 majority over his opponent, Lord William Compton. The election gives the seat previously occupied by a Liberal to a Conservative.

The Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Harvey Goodwin, honoured King's Lynn Grammar School by a visit on Friday, the 7th inst. Last Saturday W. F. Swann, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, was received by the Prince of Wales at Sandringham for the presentation of the gold medal for the year; and in the evening, according to custom, the boys illuminated the Grey Friars' Tower in commemoration of his Royal Highness's birthday.

Mr. George Sanger's National Theatre opened last Saturday evening for the season. The theatre has been entirely redecorated; and the performances by Mr. George Sanger's English and Continental Circus Companies embraced the fifth act of "Richard III.," the Drama of "Rookwood," and Dick Turpin's Ride to York. Miss Gladys Follitt played Dick Turpin, and Miss Grant Washington played Richard Duke of Gloucester. A large audience attended, delighted with the entertainments placed before them.

Lady Arthur Hill, last Saturday evening, at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street, presented the prizes gained in the gun and carbine contests by the Second Middlesex Artillery Brigade. The prizes chiefly consisted of cups. Previous to the distribution, Lieut.-Colonel Arthur W. Hill, M.P., the commanding officer, said the conduct of the regiment at Shoburness was worthy of the warmest praise. The Brigade had won the challenge cup, of the value of 100 guineas, presented by Colonel E. W. Harcourt, M.P., Vice-President of the National Artillery Association. In addition to the Cup and Badges, £21 was awarded by the National Artillery Association. Not only had the regiment obtained those prizes, but they had succeeded in gaining the Queen's Prize, which consisted of nine silver cups and badges—one each to members of the detachment—for the highest aggregate score in the sixty-four and forty-pounder gun competitions. The regiment had also done their share in securing the Queen's Prize from Canada by beating the Canadians.

THE CHURCH.

At least 1000 of the London clergy assembled in the dome area of St. Paul's Cathedral on the 7th inst., to receive the Bishop and to hear his Lordship's charge, after an interval of five years. His Lordship said that the illness which had prevented his holding his visitation last year had passed away, but he felt serious misgivings whether he should be able to continue, enfeebled as he was by the advance of years, to administer the diocese. He gave an outline of the history of the diocese during the past five years; alluded to the state of education in Church schools, and the influence of the Board schools thereupon; expressed his approval of the recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission; and concluded with an earnest exhortation for unity among the clergy, whatever their opinion upon ritual, in order to meet the spiritual needs of this diocese.

The Bishop of Liverpool on Saturday last consecrated the Church of All Saints, Princes' Park, and publicly instituted Mr. Baynes the Vicar.

The parish church of Burstow, near Reigate, was reopened last week, after restoration, the Bishop of Rochester officiating. The cost of the undertaking was upwards of £2000.

The Church of St. Mary Woolnoth was reopened on Sunday, after being thoroughly redecorated under the direction of Mr. Butterfield—the colours of the roof, walls, and pillars admirably blending.

A very interesting service took place on Sunday at Stepney church, especially intended for the drum-and-fife bands of East London, of which there were more than 500 members in uniform present.

The Mayor of Cheltenham on Tuesday laid the cornerstone of the Dean Close Memorial School. Previous to the ceremony a service was held in St. Mark's Church, a special sermon being preached by the Dean of Ripon.

A richly painted window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor of Berners-street, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Cousins, in memory of their child, has been placed in the old church of Horsmonden.

The twelfth annual festival of the London Church Choir Association was held on Thursday week in St. Paul's Cathedral. The choir comprised upwards of five hundred men and boys, representing thirty-four of the metropolitan choirs forming the association.

The Rev. H. D. Cust Nunn, Minor Canon of Ripon, has accepted the vicarage of Sharrow, near Ripon, vacant by the preferment of the Rev. E. Gray; and the rectory of Saddington, near Market Harborough, has been accepted by the Rev. G. C. Bode, M.A., late Curate of Stroud. The Bishop of Oxford has conferred the living of Abingdon, Berks, vacant by the preferment of the Rev. W. C. Gibbs to the Rectory of Hagley, Worcester, on the Rev. Robert C. F. Griffith, Vicar of Colnbrook.

According to usage, the Mayors of cities and municipal boroughs in England and Wales were chosen on Monday to serve for a year. Politically, the Mayors are pretty evenly divided between the two great parties.

The Hastings Town Council has decided to purchase absolutely the whole of the land known as the East and West Hills, consisting of about 140 acres, for £29,000. Ecclesbourne Glen is not included in the negotiations.

The first meeting of the Royal Botanic Society since the recess was held on Saturday last, Lord Aveland, vice-president, in the chair. A long list of donations of plants and seeds from various parts of the world was read as received since the last meeting.

After a trial of five days in Dublin, Patrick Fitzgerald was on Monday acquitted of the charge of treason-felony; and in consequence the fourteen prisoners in custody on charges connected with the Tubercourry conspiracy were on Tuesday discharged.

M. Auguste Couvreur, late Vice-President of the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, yesterday week, at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, gave an address on elementary education and its effects on the culture of a nation. Having referred to education and its relation to the State in various countries, he traced the history of education in Belgium from 1815 to the present time.

There were 2522 births and 1516 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 290, and the deaths 185, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 22 from smallpox, 32 from measles, 32 from scarlet fever, 17 from diphtheria, 19 from whooping cough, 20 from enteric fever, and 22 from dysentery.

A large and fine collection of chrysanthemums, raised by the Royal Botanic Society, was thrown open on Tuesday to the inspection of Fellows and their friends in the Gardens at Regent's Park, and will remain on view until the 17th inst.—Many varieties of this charming autumn flower are still on view in the Temple Gardens; and a great chrysanthemum show at the Crystal Palace is announced for the last two days of this week.

A new "Popular Railway Guide" has been issued. It is for the present applied to the main lines of the London and North-Western, Caledonian and Highland Railways; including, therefore, the immense stretch of territory between Euston-square and the farthest extremities of Scotland. But it is to be followed by a complete Guide to the entire Kingdom. Its claims to support are based on the production of a Time-Table easy to understand, while it gives, in a simple form, within the limits defined, all that the Official Guides and Bradshaw contain.

An extraordinary funeral took place at Whitechurch yesterday week, Miss Nunnerley, of Wirral, Cheshire, being interred in all her wedding clothes, even to the wreath, boots, and ring. The young lady was engaged to be married to a cheese factor from London, son of Mr. R. W. Burgess, cheese factor, Whitechurch. The wedding was postponed owing to the illness of her father, who died six weeks ago, the day after the ceremony was fixed. As, however, all the preparations for the wedding were made, it was decided that it should take place quietly some three weeks ago; but a day or so before then Miss Nunnerley herself was taken ill, and died on Sunday.

The exhibition of St. Bernard dogs at the Duke of Wellington's Riding-School closed yesterday week, and, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, was visited by a large number of visitors, the various prize dogs being surrounded by eager admirers throughout the day. The one-hundred guinea challenge cup given by the club, which must be held for three years in order to become the property of the recipient, has been adjudged to the Rev. A. Carter's Plinlimmon, which also takes the cup and first prize as the best rough-coated dog under eighteen months and the cup for the best of both kinds. Special prizes are also awarded to Mr. S. W. Smith's Duke of Wellington, Mr. Norris-Ely's La Mascotte and Crevasse II., Mr. Colman's Bernardine, Mr. Marshall's Glengarry, Mr. Murchison's Madeline and Marie, and the Rev. A. Carter's Thisbe. Princess Louise and suite visited the show.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Nov. 12.

The Bank rate has been raised to 5 per cent, as was anticipated, but no proportionate effect has been produced upon the rates current in the open market, and so the exchanges have but slightly improved. It is therefore of no use to think of further action with the Bank rate. What is wanted is a tightening up of the open market. This can only be done by the Bank withdrawing money from its competitors by borrowing on stock, and this is an expensive operation, and one which only by accident of position falls to be borne by the Bank of England. That the open market so sluggishly follows the Bank of England is due to the conviction that the present bullion difficulty will soon be got over, and that then the Bank rate will speedily run down. It is therefore natural that present inconvenience should be defied for the sake of securing business at the comparatively high rates now current. Gold has been chiefly wanted for New York, and there the stock accumulates beyond ordinary experience or probable requirements. The last return showed a gain in the week of £660,000, and the total was thereby increased to £22,700,000, which is no less than £6,845,000 above the proportion of gold to notes which the law requires. Moreover, the demand for money in New York decreases. From these facts it may reasonably be inferred that we shall soon see a complete cessation of the strain this market is now under.

The successful candidature of Mr. Cleveland for the presidency of the United States is regarded as in favour of a higher moral tone throughout all affairs in the States, and at first there was a rebound in the value of securities; but the "war of rates" gets fiercer, and now we are once more depressed by a sense of the contingencies which surround such a conflict. One telegram says a committee of railway administrators is to be held this week on the subject; but at the same time it is pointed out the West Shore Company is not under the control of "the pool," and that any decision would be ineffective. Mr. Vanderbilt, meanwhile, goes on as though everything was to be sacrificed to the ruin of the West Shore; and the West Shore people seem to be content to accept rates which must barely keep the line open. But this fight cannot go on for ever, and there is a growing feeling that the worst is now known of nearly every Transatlantic security, and that consequently those who have money to invest can now find openings.

Under the pressure of the further movement in the Bank rate, our own national stocks have continued to lose ground, but Bank of England Stock has risen because dear money helps the dividend. Foreign securities are also under the influence of purely local considerations. A recovery in Brazilian Bonds is one of the most recent features, while Turkish and Spanish have been exceptionally flat. Egyptian move almost daily in connection with the varying view taken of the prospects bearing on the subject of the Debt. After being rendered very flat upon a report that even the first preference dividend was to be paid in deferred warrants, Mexican Railway stocks have bounded forward upon the official notification that the first and second preferences are to receive full dividends, and the third preference 1 per cent per annum, all in cash. The report which preceded the notification must, therefore, have been fabricated for speculative purposes. Another point of interest is the continued depression of the shares of the large Spanish copper companies. Indian gold-mining shares are still in demand.

Subscriptions are invited for £48,000 8 per cent first mortgage debentures of the Rainy Lake Lumber Company (Limited), an undertaking which has a subscribed capital of £130,000, of which £62,500 is paid up, and £67,500 is liable to be called up. This unpaid capital is hypothecated to the security of these bonds, and the company further mortgages its whole property, the value of which is £318,834. Messrs. Chadwick, of London and Manchester, have inspected the property, and an English counsel has passed all the agreements.

The Orient Steam-Ship Company is suffering like all other shipowners, and there is to be no interim dividend on account of the current year. The Bank of Montreal again pays 10 per cent per annum.

T. S.

The societies formed to perpetuate the memory of Edward Colston, the West of England philanthropist, dined together at Bristol on Thursday.

Miss Braddon's Christmas annual, "The Mistletoe Bough," makes its appearance as bright and cheery as ever. There are a dozen items in the list of contents, nearly all of them illustrated with whole-page engravings.

Mr. Ruskin gave the fourth of his series of lectures on "The Pleasures of England" in the Lecture Theatre of the University Museum, Oxford, on Saturday afternoon, the subject being "Cour de Lion to Elizabeth: the Pleasures of Fancy." There was again a large and distinguished audience.

The second of the present series of concerts for the people, organised by the Secretary of the National Temperance League, took place in Exeter Hall last Saturday, when there was a large attendance. Archdeacon Farrar presided, and offered some remarks upon temperance in relation to recreation.

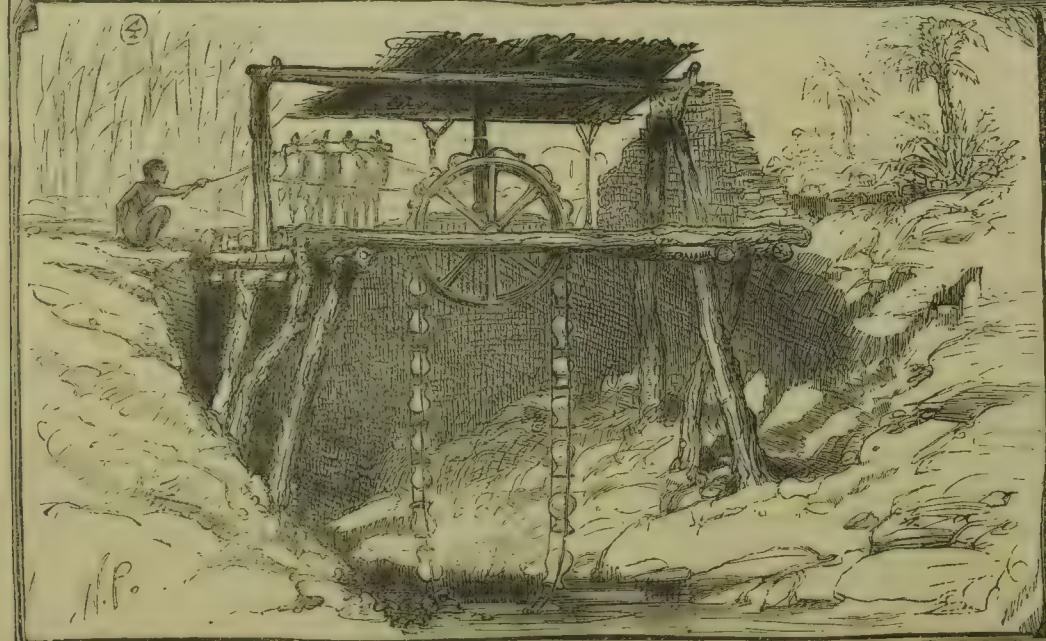
A special meeting of the Jersey States Assembly was held on Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of appointing a judge delegate to fill the office vacant by the death of the late bailiff, Sir John Pison Marett. The Assembly, by a large majority, elected Mr. Edward Maurant, M.A., who has for some time performed the duties during the illness of the late bailiff.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution on the 6th inst., rewards amounting to £473 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month, in which period they have saved 123 lives. Payments amounting to £2830 were made on the 282 life-boat establishments of the institution.

The Colonies of Victoria, Ceylon, Mauritius, and Natal have claimed, in the Chancery Court, the prerogative of the Crown to demand from the liquidators of the Oriental Bank payment in full of the amounts standing to the credit of the several Colonial Governments at the date at which the bank suspended payment. In the case of Victoria, the amount was £438,569. Mr. Justice Chitty has decided that the Crown is entitled to payment in full, in priority to other claims against the bank.

A circular has been issued by the United States Consulate-General calling the attention of manufacturers, merchants, and others to the fact that the Department of State at Washington proposes, by means of the assistance of its Diplomatic and Consular Corps, to make a commercial exhibit at the New Orleans Exhibition, and asking for contributions in the form of donation or loans of articles which will best illustrate the present condition of the world's trade.

Last month the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at and near Billingsgate Market, and on board boats lying off that place, 23 tons of fish as unfit for human food. Of this quantity over 20 tons consisted of wet fish and nearly 3 tons of shell fish. Thirteen tons came by land and 10 tons by water. In the same period 11,089 tons of fish were delivered at Billingsgate; 7812 tons of which came by land and 3277 tons by water.



1. Carrying railway engineers' stores on board a sailing-barge at Shelat (opposite Philæ). 2. Steamer Muhalla towing the barge from Assouan to Wady Halfa. 3. Passing the ruins of the Castle of Ibneem. 4. A sakiyeh or water-wheel for irrigation on the Nile bank. 5. Railway company of the Royal Engineers: working dress: full marching order.



MR. GROVER CLEVELAND,
PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES.



MR. JAMES G. BLAINE.
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.



THE LATE DR. SAMUEL RABBETH.



THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The election of delegates from all the States of the Federal Union to choose the President for the ensuing term of four years is really decisive of the result, as they are all bound to choose the candidate whose nomination has been formally accepted by the party to which the delegates belong. The Hon. Grover Cleveland, at present Governor of the State of New York, last week obtained a majority over Mr. James G. Blaine, formerly Secretary of State. The two great parties are styled respectively the "Democratic" and the "Republican," but it is not easy to understand the difference in their political principles. The Republican party, however, generally prevails in the Eastern States and in the manufacturing districts, as it favours the Protectionist tariff, while the Democratic party has more influence in the Western and Southern States. Mr. Cleveland is a Democrat, but has received the support of an influential section of the New York Republicans, on account of his zealous efforts to purify the administration of the State and of the municipality; while Mr. Blaine has been somewhat discredited by the exposure of certain railway transactions in which he had a concealed personal interest when he lent assistance to their legislative furtherance in Congress.

Mr. Cleveland was born in 1837, and is a native of New Jersey, the son of a Congregational pastor in a rural village. He was educated in the common school at Clinton, New York, and was first employed in a grocery store there, but afterwards went to New York city, and was engaged as assistant teacher in the Asylum for the Blind. In 1855 he went to Cleveland, Ohio, and became a clerk to a firm of lawyers, Rogers and Bowen, studying meanwhile to qualify himself for the legal profession. He was called to the Bar in 1859, and soon obtained the appointment of Assistant District Attorney for Erie county, which he held three years. He was elected Sheriff of Erie county in 1870, and Mayor of Buffalo in 1881. His conduct in that office was highly approved, and gained him the support of both parties on his nomination for the Governorship of the State of New York, to which he was elected by a majority of nearly 200,000. Mr. Cleveland is unmarried.



THE RESIDENCE OF MR. FAWCETT AT CAMBRIDGE,
18, BROOKSIDE, WHERE HE DIED.

Mr. Blaine was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, in January, 1830. At the age of seventeen he graduated at the head of his class in Washington College. He was for some time Professor of Mathematics in a military institute in Kentucky, but on his marriage he removed to Augusta, Maine. He then started as a political journalist, and became one of the organisers of the Republican party in Maine. He served in the State Legislature from 1858 to 1862, being for two of these years Speaker. Returned to Congress in 1862, he was re-elected for each successive term until 1876. He was Speaker of the House of Representatives from 1869 to 1874, and was again the Republican candidate in 1875, but was defeated by the Democrats. In 1876 and 1880 he was defeated in his candidature for the Presidency by Mr. Hayes and General Garfield, respectively. He was subsequently Senator from Maine, but resigned this position to become Secretary of State under Mr. Garfield. On the assassination of the latter and the accession of Mr. Arthur he resigned this office, and was engaged upon the book, "Twenty Years of Congress," which relates much of the domestic history of the United States Government from a party point of view.

THE LATE DR. SAMUEL RABBETH.

Soldiers are not the only brave men in the world. On Oct. 10, a child aged four years, in the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, suffering from diphtheria, was threatened with suffocation, and to avert this Dr. Samuel Rabbeth, the senior resident medical officer, performed the usual operation of tracheotomy. The obstruction of the breathing was not relieved by the operation, and to save the child from the immediate danger of death by asphyxia Dr. Rabbeth, without the slightest hesitation, and well aware of the nature of the disease and of the peril involved, sucked the tube and cleared it of the obstructing membrane. The child was saved for a time, but afterwards sank and died. On Monday, the 13th, Dr. Rabbeth felt ill and weary; on the 14th symptoms of sore-throat appeared; during the next day or two diphtheritic patches were seen on his fauces and palate, and he expectorated large flakes of false membrane;

on the 18th he was much worse; on the 20th he became cyanosed, and in the evening he expired in a paroxysm of dyspnoea, which had lasted two or three minutes. The immediate cause of death was probably the formation of a clot in the pulmonary vessels. The *Lancet* gives these particulars of his case.

Dr. Samuel Rabbeth was the son of one of the most trusted officials in Messrs. Coutts' bank in the Strand, was born Aug. 19, 1858, and was educated at King's College School. In 1877 he matriculated at the University of London, and on Oct. 1 entered the Medical Department of King's College. He passed the preliminary scientific and 1st M.B. Examinations of the University, and in 1880 gained a prize in Clinical Surgery and certificates of honour in other subjects. In the next year, having taken a medical diploma, he was appointed Assistant House Physician to King's College Hospital, and in the following May became full House Physician. In 1883 he obtained the Scholarship and Gold Medal in Midwifery at the M.B. Examination of the University, and was elected an Associate of King's College. In April, 1884, he succeeded his friend and fellow-student, Mr. R. Brooks, as Senior Resident Officer at the Royal Free Hospital, so that he had only held the appointment six months.

THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

The pretensions of the Duke of Cumberland, heir to the late King George of Hanover, to claim the government of the Duchy of Brunswick, are not admitted by the German Empire. The death of the late Duke of Brunswick was lately announced. His Serene Highness William Augustus Louis Maximilian Frederick, Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbützel and Duke of Oels, was born on April 25, 1806, and was second son of the Duke Frederick William and Princess Mary Elizabeth Wilhelmina of Baden. His father, who was killed at Quatre Bras on June 16, 1815, left his two sons to the care of the Prince Regent of Great Britain, afterwards King George IV., and they were brought up together till the year 1822, when Charles went to Vienna and William went to Göttingen. A year later he proceeded to Berlin, where he entered the Prussian Army with the rank of Major. In 1826, by an agreement entered into with his brother, he entered into the possession of the Duchy of Oels, in Silesia, but was four years later called to undertake the government of the Duchy of Brunswick, whence his elder brother Charles had been driven by an insurrection. He carried on the Government at first in the name of his brother, but a family council in February, 1831, declared Charles incapable of reigning, and William consequently became Duke of Brunswick. He has left no issue, and his Duchy is now annexed to the Kingdom of Prussia. The late Duke was a Field Marshal of the Kingdom of Hanover, a Cavalry General in the Prussian service, proprietor of an Austrian regiment of cuirassiers, of Prussian hussars, and of cuirassiers of the Hanoverian Guard. In 1834 he founded the Order of Henry the Lion, and an Order of Merit.

The Mayor of Swansea laid the foundation-stone of the new public library buildings in Alexandra-road, Swansea, last Saturday afternoon. The building, which is to cost £10,000, forms part of the new improvement scheme promoted by the Corporation.

The emigration returns continue to show a falling off in the number of persons leaving the country. In the ten months ended Oct. 31 last, the total of British emigrants was 220,932, against 293,247 in the corresponding period of last year. The Irish emigrants have fallen from 101,049 to 68,330.

LONDON CITY GUILDS: HABERDASHERS.

The Company of "Hurrers and Milaners" (the second name, derived from their dealing in Milan wares, has been perverted into that of "milliners," usually applied now to female artificers of the lighter articles of ladies' apparel) was incorporated in the City of London in 1448, by a Charter of King Henry VI. The hatters' craft was subsequently united with those of the fraternity, which in 1501, by a new Charter from Henry VII., assumed the title of Merchant Haberdashers, and obtained rank with the great Companies, the Goldsmiths, Fishmongers, Merchant Taylors, Mercers, Drapers, Grocers, and Skinners. The Charters were confirmed by all the Tudor Sovereigns, and were enlarged by Queen Elizabeth in 1578. St. Catherine was the religious patroness of this Company, which had works of piety and charity to perform, as well as to superintend a very miscellaneous range of trades and manufactures, comprising not only various adjuncts of dress for men and women of fashion, but also swords and daggers, knives, spurs, glasses, toothpicks, shoeing-horns, and mouse-traps. Many bequests of land and houses in the City, and sums of money to be invested, given in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, provided trust funds to bestow small pensions on the poor of different London parishes, on the relief of prisoners in Newgate and Ludgate jails, the maintenance of preachers and lecturers, the purchase and endowment of Church livings, the founding of scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and the establishment of free schools, which exist at Hoxton and Hatcham (Robert Aske's foundation), and in Bunhill-row, at Monmouth, at Bunbury in Cheshire, and in other places. The Company has the patronage of eight Church livings and of four lectureships, including that at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, on Sundays and Thursdays. The schools at Hoxton, erected by the fund which Robert Aske, in 1688, intrusted to this Company, amounting to £20,000, give instruction to six hundred day-scholars, half of them boys, half of them girls; and Aske's schools at Hatcham are likewise of extensive local benefit. The total number of scholars obtaining the advantage of this Company's assistance is reckoned at two thousand. The trust income, comprising a great variety of specified charities, is estimated in the aggregate at £31,799. The corporate income is £9032, with £1442 from fees and fines; the expenditure, for maintenance of the Hall, officers' salaries, holding of Courts, attendance fees at Courts and Committees, dinners and luncheons, wines and spirits, gratuities and donations, exhibitions and grants, and Lord Mayor's Day expenses, amounts to £7845. The Master of the Company, elected Nov. 24, last year, is Alderman Sir F. W. Truscott; there are four Wardens, and a numerous Court of assistants.

Haberdashers' Hall, in Gresham-street, was built by Sir Christopher Wren upon the site of the ancient Hall destroyed by the Fire of London, and was restored and decorated, from the designs of Mr. Snooke, the Company's architect, about twenty years ago. We present some illustrations of the interior of the Hall, the Ladies' Gallery, Court-room, and staircase, and of the valuable plate, including a salt-cellar, the work of Benvenuto Cellini. There is also a collection of portraits in the Hall.

The second and third volumes of the Report of the Royal Commission of Inquiry upon the City Companies, or Guilds, were published last week. The majority of the Royal Commissioners—Lord Derby, the chairman, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Sherbrooke, the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Sydney Waterlow (till recently an Alderman of the City of London), Mr. Pell (a Conservative), Mr. Walter James, Mr. Firth, and Mr. Burt—have agreed upon a scheme of legislation with respect to the Companies, which the Government is understood to have adopted. They find that the property of the Companies is

worth fifteen or twenty millions of money. They have an income of upwards of £700,000 a year; halls, almshouses, schools, and other public buildings, which are rated at between £70,000 and £80,000 a year; plate and furniture worth £350,000; and livings in their gift of the annual value of £12,000 a year. Of this vast income £200,000 is appropriated to the support of about 1000 charities, "in the benefits of which almost every county in England participates." All except this sum the Companies absolutely own. This property has increased largely within the last forty, very largely within the last ten or fifteen years, and is still increasing. The Commission has proceeded on the assumption that it is public property, and, taking into consideration also the obsolete character of many of the trusts administered by the Companies, it has recommended the appointment of a Commission armed with powers like those of the two Universities Commissions, which shall, among other things, allocate to "objects of acknowledged public utility" a considerable percentage of the incomes of all the Companies, and which also has power to declare new trusts wherever, owing to change of times, the charities are thought to have become useless.

THE BIRD-STUFFER.

The simple village practitioner of a pretty and pleasing art, that of preserving the external portion of the remains of dead birds and other small animals, with an arrangement for showing them in the attitudes of life, is usually a mild and gentle person, familiar with his own rustic neighbourhood, and well-read in Gilbert White and Bewick. He does not call himself a "taxidermist," for fear of being confounded with the tax-collector, whose official functions are less generally popular; but he has no objection to rank as an "ornithologist," since the Vicar of the parish, a great friend of his, explains the honourable meaning of the Greek title in a manner quite satisfactory to his self-respect. It is not every man in the village who can take his choice of two dignified professional names derived from a learned ancient language. The materials and implements of his craft are neither costly nor difficult to procure; a little arsenical soap, camphor, powdered chalk, and alum, spirits of wine, and salt of tartaric acid, suffice for the various processes by which animal substance may be insured from decay; slips of light wood, and pieces of wire, manipulated with his chisel and pincers, compose the frame which is to support his work, like a sculptor's clay model, in the required erect position; and each feather being carefully adjusted, and fixed with gum, the result is tolerably answerable to Nature, and manifestly creditable to Art. This makes him a happy man, according to Baconian philosophy, as the "minister and interpreter of Nature," and he has fairly earned five shillings by the morning's industry, while the bird which was shot yesterday will have gained a species of immortality not less desirable than that of an Egyptian mummy. It will stand many years in a glass case on the parlour shelf at the Featherstone Arms Hotel, an object of frequent admiring curiosity to visitors and customers, when this good old fellow shall have been laid to repose in the churchyard. It may serve to arouse in the mind of youth an intelligent interest in the beautiful and wonderful varieties of the animated creation, and do as much to refine and elevate the popular taste as the exhibition of some cheap copy of a Fine-Art masterpiece, the subject of which is not understood by most people in the village.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces a new translation of the New Testament in which modern English phrases, equivalent to the language of the Authorised Version, are used throughout.

POHLMANN AND SON'S NEW AND POPULAR SONGS. FIRST IN THE TRENCHES. A splendid Military Song for Tenor, with a fine martial melody. Post-free for 2s.

THE OLD SEA-DOG. This is one of the finest songs of the sea, and it describes a privateering expedition of the old days. Always encores. Extract from "The Daily Telegraph."—Two vigorous songs, by A. T. MEVOY, respectively entitled "The Old Sea-DOG" and "First in the Trenches." The first tells, with sailor dash and frankness, a tale of the brave old fighting days when there were such Arcturians afloat. There is something in them like the trumpet's call, which stirs the blood and makes men feel the capacity for heroic deeds." Post-free, 2s.

NANCY. Song. An Idyll of the Kitchen. Words from the "Century Magazine." Music by H. W. POHLMANN. A splendid song for an encore. Post-free for 2s.

KASSASSIN, the grand Pianoforte Duet. By A. T. MEVOY. Just published. It is a brilliant piece, full of melody, and is very suitable for public performance. The air of the song, "First in the Trenches," is very effectively introduced. This duet is about the same difficulty as the old favourite, "Qui Vive," and is one of the most successful duets ever published. Illustrated with a picture of the celebrated Cavalry Charge at Kassassin. Post-free, 2s. 6d. "Kassassin" is also arranged as a Piano Solo, and may be had from all Music-sellers, or the Publishers, POHLMANN and SON, 61, Berners-street, London, W.; and Princess-street, Halifax.

GOUNOD'S NEW SACRED SONG, THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS. Composed Oct. 15, 1884. Words by Sir H. W. Baker. A musician ordering one hundred copies writes, "I consider it the best song this season." Four keys. 2s. net.

GLOIRE DE DIJON WALTZES. By PHILIPS and PAGE, 43, Kilburn High-road, N.W. GLOIRE ANDREW. The Christmas Number of HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO contains this and five other popular dances. Post-free, 13 stamps. Violin and Cornet accompaniments, 6d. each.

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VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR. If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. "The Mexican Hair Renewer" is sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE. For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "autumalculi," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. The fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke; being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly delicious to the taste, and as harmless as cherry. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

BRUSSELS.—Hôtel de l'Univers. Agreeable central situation. First-class house, spacious and airy, with exit to New Boulevard. Every comfort; excellent cooking; superior wines; moderate prices.—SCROEFTER-VIERZ, Proprietor.

CANNES.—Hôtel Beau Site. Adjoining Lord Brougham's property. Beautiful and sheltered situation. Large gardens; lawn tennis; baths, lifts, 200 chambers. Moderate charges.—GEORGES GOSGOLD, Proprietor.

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NAPLES.—Hôtel Métropole (Cook's special house). Pension from 8s., with wine. Restaurant, café, English bar. Grand establishment of baths, Hammam and others, sea and fresh water. Omnibus; tram passes door.

PEGLI.—Grand Hôtel Pegli (formerly De la Méditerranée). Facing the sea. South aspect, surrounded by gardens and mountains. Climate unsurpassed. Sanitary arrangements; satisfactory charges. BOCCARD-DUMAS, Proprietor.

VERMOUTH.—Francesco Cinzano and Co. Vermouth, combination Aeri Wine and Alpine herbs, with quinine. Refreshing tonic, and digestive. Of Wine Merchants, and F. CINZANO and Co., Corso Re Umberto, 10, Turin.

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Noted Table d'Hôte, 6 francs (wine included). Breakfast—Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate, with rolls and butter, 1fr. 50c.

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WANTED, Respectable Young Women, as DOMESTIC SERVANTS, to proceed to NEW SOUTH WALES. Passages, including Provisions, Bedding, &c., will be granted by the Agent-General in first-class steamers to approved applicants, upon payment of £2 each. An experienced Surgeon and Midwife accompany each ship. The Colonial Government provides free accommodation for the Single Women during ten days after their arrival in Sydney. The next steamer will be dispatched on or about Dec. 1. Further information may be obtained at the EMIGRATION DEPARTMENT, New South Wales Government Offices, 5, Westminster-chambers, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

SUN FIRE and LIFE OFFICES. Thredneedle-street, E.C.; Clarendon-street, S.W.; Oxford-street (corner of Vere-street), W. FIRE. Established 1710. Home and Foreign Insurances at moderate rates. LIFE. Established 1810. Specially low rates for young lives. Large bonuses. Immediate settlement of claims.

TO FAT PERSONS.—How to remove superfluous fat, cure obesity, and improve the health without semi-starvation dietary or fatiguing exercise, by F. C. RUSSELL (late of 15, Gower-street). Recipe and other particulars will be sent free on receipt of stamped envelope to F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store-st., Bedford-sq., London, W.C.

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JAY'S, REGENT-STREET.

CRÊPE IMPÉRIAL.

NEW MATERIAL FOR MOURNING WEAR. "MESSRS. JAY, of Regent-street, London, have secured a novel manufacture for black. It is all wool, and yet looks exactly like crêpe, as it has the crinkled or crimped surface which is inseparable from that fabric. It is solid and most durable, being free from the elasticity of the more perishable silk crêpe which it so closely resembles, and yet it is glossy. It appears under the name of "Crêpe Impérial," and is made up effectively into costumes for deep mourning, when it is not compulsory to trim with crêpe. The answer for the deepest mourning dress, and will wear as long as the mourner elects to use it."—Extract from "The Queen" newspaper.

MOURNING FOR FAMILIES. MESSRS. JAY'S Experienced DRESSMAKERS and MILLINERS travel to any part of the Kingdom, free of expense to purchasers. They take with them dresses and millinery, besides patterns of materials, at 1s. per yard and upwards, all marked in plain figures, and at the same price as if purchased at the warehouse in Regent-street. Reasonable estimates are also given for Household Mourning, at a great saving to large or small families. Funerals at stated charges conducted in London or country.

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VITREMANIE Process for imitating Ancient and Modern Stained Glass. Brilliant in colouring, and permanent. The method learned in a few minutes. Elegant and profitable art-work for ladies. New designs now ready suitable for churches, chapels, clubs, halls, and private houses. Prospectuses, testimonials, and full instructions sent post-free.—J. BARNARD and SON, Sole Inventors, 233, Oxford-street, London, W.

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AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &C.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

COLONEL THUNDERBOLT.



He had always known she would meet him at last: and she had no need to be told who it was that she was bidden to find. It was not with exultation that she went about her errand, but in the more awful spirit wherein one says of one's enemy, "The Lord has delivered him into my hands." As Francis had said, however, to search for the fellow, when he chose to efface himself and become invisible, was one thing: to find him, entirely another. Moreover, Les Bouquets was exceptionally full of holes and corners. However, it was also exceptionally full of prying eyes of all ages: and from the curiosity of a Negro, and a French Negro, and a French Negro girl to boot, may Providence deliver the man who wants to hide. The

Nostalgic, if such he was, was run to earth at last, by dint of inquiry in the proper quarters, pacing as if he were a sentry keeping guard over the moon; and whether he were awake or asleep, it was the man. Possibly he imagined he was alone: but a dozen pairs of eyes at least were watching him from among the shrubs, and every now and then some black or brown imp would run out of ambush and, following him at a safe distance, grotesquely mimic his hanging head and peculiar glide.

When Nance appeared upon the scene, however, there was

a general scutter, save that two of these imps of darkness, nearly as naked as they were born, caught hold of her skirts, in order to have their share of the interview under the safeguard of Madame's favourite maid. She knew the Murderer at a glance: and then came slowly towards him, with the moonlight full upon her face, to test whether he knew her also, hardly knowing whether she wished for recognition or no. She had no plan of action, and sought for none—Destiny was now plainly taking things into its own hands. No—Destiny evidently could not mean recognition. What likelihood was there that the man who had seen her once, but for an hour or so, at Stoke Juliot, should identify with Phil Derrick's daughter a lady of Hispaniola—for a lady, at least so far as clothes can make one, Madame Carrel's pupil and protégée had become?

"Your master wants you," said she, in English—she would give him every chance of recognition, since chance was her chosen guide.

No—it was plain that he had no memory of her: none. He just nodded to show that he had heard her, and then, without even asking where his master was to be found, he glided off in that shadowy manner of his—slunk off like a snake, as Nance would have put it, now that she had made the acquaintance of such vermin. To her eyes, he had Murderer written in large crimson letters upon his downcast brow: the conscious shadow of guilt was visible in every movement he made. He had not even looked her in the eyes.

The children left her skirts for the man's heels, as promising better fun: and soon the bushes were bare of their yellow eyes. Nance Derrick stood where the man had stood. She had lost him in the moonlight of Devon: she had found him under the moonlight here. And what was to happen now? She had followed him for vengeance—how was vengeance to be gained? Was it to be blood for blood—and if not, what was the other way? She had never had a plan: she had always taken for granted that the plan would come. She could not have searched for him and found him for nothing. Yet what was to be the end—how was it to be gained?

Lest in aught that follows it may seem that Nance Derrick

of Les Bouquets was no more Nance Derrick of Stoke Juliot, than Francis Carew the admirer of Captain Quickset was the Francis Carew the lover of Mabel Openshaw—lest this, I say, be deemed too outrageous a transformation, let it be realised at once that the girl had indeed undergone change upon change. How much, and in what wise, is for Francis Carew to find out, if he ever has the chance: but meanwhile, it is for nobody to expect to find at Les Bouquets either her under whose bonnet Captain Quickset peeped in Stoke Juliot church, or her who had gone well-nigh mad on Hornacombe Sands. It may even be held something of a marvel that such a change of life had not ended in a change of soul. She might have come to fancy, and with ease, that her life in Devon, that Devon itself, had been some far-off dream: such a dream as we take for memories of some life in which we took our part before we were born. It might have seemed impossible that the same real world should contain at once the black rocks and the gloomy lives of Stoke Juliot, with their ignorance, their savageness, and their solitude, and at the same time the tropical beauty, the easy service, and the cultured companionship with its mental growth, into which she had sailed—over the sea was it; or over that other sea that divides this world from a world that went before? It did not need a child's want of wit to ask whether that same moon now above her was fresh from shining upon Oxhorn and Wrackstone, and the church tower, and the sands, and the dunes. But, however far the change might or must have gone, however the past must have been blurred, the light of the falling lamp had lasted long enough to bring the whole back again as if it were but of yesterday instead of ages ago. Once more, by its light, she saw her murdered father carried home from the wood: herself standing, shunned and dreaded, by her father's grave: the book she had tried to translate into vengeance—Stoke Juliot rose and was real: Les Bouquets faded, and became as a dream.

Moreover, it was not all in the hardness of its black rocks and of its rude hearts that the picture rose, nor without the paths that belongs to all things when they are far away. After all, it was among those rocks and dunes that she had

been born: within sight of old Horneck's Steeple that she had lived—so far as she could call it living. The place held the only graves she had ever seen: nor had she heard English words on an English tongue save there, until she had let the lamp fall. And it was there, too, that her heart had come into life, and had been buried, dead or alive. . . . And now she had once more seen the face and heard the voice which made her heart stir in its grave, even while it bade her remember that face and voice belonged to one who was shielding her own father's slayer from justice and revenge. "I must hate him—him also," thought she, while all that her mind was seeing brought hot tears into her eyes. She longed that she might dare think, "would I had never seen him again!" But this she could not dare—it would be treason to her vow: it would be flying in the face of manifest Fate once more.

So far as she saw and heard, all Hispaniola had sunk under the sea, or had vanished back into the dreamland whence, in truth, it seemed to have sprung—the moon above her was the real home moon: she was so far away from where she stood that the dusky form which came before her from the bushes might have been old Horneck himself, for aught she knew.

"M'selle Nanette!" said he.

Her spirit was startled back from Devon to Les Bouquets—it was not old Horneck: it was the overseer of the field hands: the same big mulatto whom Francis had met in the cotton-field, trying to balance the bamboo on his nose.

"Do you want the master, Alcibiade?" asked Nance, who had—she, a Stoke Juliot girl—learned to speak Madame Carrel's language a good deal better than Madame could speak hers. "You'll find him in the long verandah." Alcibiade was no favourite of hers; and she was in no talking mood.

"The Master?" asked he, in a tone of inimitable scorn. "Do you mean Citizen Carrel? No, M'selle Nanette. I have no occasion for an interview with Citizen Carrel. I desire to communicate with you."

One must give his French as best one can. His voice was harsh and yet muffled: his words flowery and fine.

"With me, Alcibiade? What have you to say to me?" she asked, with a touch of impatience in her tone.

"Alcibiade? No. No longer Alcibiade! Salute Monsieur the Colonel Coup-de-Tonnerre!"

He had not been stealing rum. Nobody, tipsy enough to fancy himself a Colonel, could have held himself up in such overpoweringly stately style. His spine was actually curved backwards by its weight of dignity: his chin so tilted up that he might still be practising with the bamboo. His huge, bare arms, swelling with muscle, were folded imperially over his chest. He was the very personification of pomp aping pride.

"Good-night," said Nance. "It is late—I must go in."

"That, M'selle, is precipitously what you will not do. That has been forbidden by a decree, signed Coup-de-Tonnerre, Colonel of the Grand Army of Liberty. And it is Colonel Coup-de-Tonnerre"—he smacked his lips, as if the title conveyed some exquisite flavour—"who executes this decree." He unfolded his arms, threw back his striped cotton jacket, and showed a patchwork cloth swathed round his waist, of the three colours, red, white, and blue. "Salute!" said he, slapping the symbol of authority so hard that the blow sounded like the thud of a drum.

There was something so strange about the overseer's manner that Nance, who had little sense of the ludicrous, began to be vaguely alarmed. The negroes on the estate of Les Bouquets had their jests, as elsewhere: but they were distinguished for anything but novelty; and this, if it were a jest, was something entirely new. Moreover, this very Alcibiade had shown an increasing disposition to waylay the fairest girl on the plantation, and to make some sort of love to her with his rolling yellow eyes. He was the least likely to jest for jest's sake among them all—and that she knew.

"Madame Carrel will be wanting me. Good-night," she said again, and moved quickly away.

But he overtook her with a single stride. "Let the Citoyenne want!" exclaimed Colonel Thunderbolt. "Is a free woman to be at the orders of a tyrant? No. No more than I—I, Colonel Coup-de-Tonnerre."

"You shall let me go," said she, flinching from the approach of an open hand to her arm. "It is nothing to me what you mean."

"Nothing what I mean? Body of St. Christopher! One would think you were addressing a slave!"

"What else?" asked she, hotly: for the hand had closed upon her shoulder. "What else, indeed?"

It was not generous: but she was growing angry and alarmed, and she had not learned to be generous towards darker skins than her own at Les Bouquets, though she had learned to be friendly with them, and kind.

"Gridiron of Saint Laurence! Is that how a Femme-de-Chambre speaks to a Free Gentleman—a Colonel-Commandant of the regiment of Les Bouquets? Do you comprehend now?"

"No. But when I have spoken to Madame, you will."

"Then be it you who comprehend! If Citizen Jacques or Citizen Antoinette order to be whipped the smallest little boy in all Les Bouquets, then, Holy Gridiron! They will have to deal with me, Colonel Coup-de-Tonnerre! There is no more Monsieur! no more Madame! no more Planter! no more Frenchman! no more Spaniard! no more work! no more whip! no more slave. It is declaimed and proclaimed in Port-au-Prince this day, by His Majesty the Republic of France and His Excellency the Convention, that there are slaves in the land of Haiti no more. I spit at Citizen Jacques: I snap the fingers" (and he snapped them) "at Citizen Antoinette—I, Colonel Coup-de-Tonnerre. Nobody shall obey anybody any more. I forbid you to return to Citizen Antoinette. I command you to be free. I order you to obey nobody. I decree you to do whatever you please. You shall be free: and you shall do what I say—I, Alcibiade Coup-de-Tonnerre: I, Colonel of the free regiment of Les Bouquets!"

Nance began to smell mischief: so she changed her humour. "I daresay you are right," said she, thoughtfully. "I daresay I should be sure of it; only, you see, I do not understand."

"You detest Madame Carrel—Citizen Antoinette, I should say? Of course you detest Madame Antoinette—I should say Citizen Carrel. Ah—the table is turned, to-day. Last night, you comb her hair: to-night, she shall comb yours: and I will stand by to see it done. There are no more slaves: and she shall be yours. Ah—I shall laugh to see Citizen Jacques jump under my long cane!"

"Yes, Alcibiade: I think I begin to see," said she. "And then—what is to happen then?"

"You may call me Alcibiade: but no other: none. Then? You shall be Countess: Duchess: Princess: what you will. Prepare yourself for glorious tidings, my beautiful Nanette: you are chosen for the wife of Coup-de-Tonnerre: of Me!"

No trained actor could have given half the point to her manner in which the coffee-coloured patriot announced to her this sublime destiny. His teeth flashed and his orange eyes glowed, while he drew himself up to his utmost height, broadened his chest, and embraced the air. The gesture grandly grotesque, or else grotesquely grand.

"But if—if I were to say no?" asked she.

He laughed outright: until he suddenly recollected his dignity—then twirled a pair of imaginary moustaches fiercely, and snapped his fingers in the air. "Bah! As if any girl would say no to me!"

"But—if, Alcibiade? I only want to understand. What would happen if I were such a—such a—fool?"

He looked at her with more cunning than the big braggart, who, after all, had not said more of himself than perhaps thousands of other men think of themselves, and would say of themselves if they dared, might have been expected to display. "Suppose I had taken a fancy to Citizen Antoinette," said he, "and she had said no. Bah—she would not say no. She would jump into my arms—So! But I have chosen you: happily for you."

Nance curtsied—no longer in simple Stoke Juliot fashion, but almost after the mode of Port-au-Prince, as exemplified by Madame Carrel. She did begin to understand one thing—that it would not do to show either bewilderment or alarm. "It is a great honour!" said she.

"Then—embrace me!" exclaimed the monster, opening his arms. "Thus Coup-de-Tonnerre weds!"

"What!" she cried, spurring her wits, and making fear seem like scorn. "How do I know you are not telling me lies? If you will not trust me, how can I trust you?"

The slave had been used to obey a sharp word: and even liberty could not kill habit at a single blow. "Trust you?" he asked, forgetting that his arms were still stretched out in the air.

"Yes: trust me. Something is going to happen this very night!"

"Gridiron! How do you know that?" he asked, opening his eyes to match his arms. A giant is traditionally bound to be stupid, as Nance had lived near enough the Cornish border to have learned.

"I have my own ways," said she. "So you had best make a clean breast of what you mean to happen this night, or I swear I will work such a spell!"—and as she spoke she raised her hand towards the moon.

She had not studied witchcraft for nothing, after all: or rather instinct was beginning to teach her how to use at need a certain magnetic force which had awed men and women at Stoke Juliot, and had marked her out as apart, without their knowing why. She had known passion: and in that sense knowledge is indeed power.

I cannot say, for obvious reasons, that Coup-de-Tonnerre turned pale. But his fingers started apart and his knees knocked together: for not even an English peasant could be much more superstitious than an African king. As luck would have it, a hoarse cry came at that moment from the bushes, and a soft grey mass passed noiselessly over them through the air. Coup-de-Tonnerre could have made a bull kneel to him: but his teeth chattered because an owl hooted while a girl pointed to the moon. Nevertheless, a brute's passion was not scared out of his eyes.

"What do you know?" he asked, crossing himself about as devoutly, and about as ignorantly, as Mabel Openshaw.

"I know," said she, making a bold cast, "what you have sworn on all the curses of Ob never to betray. I know that—that when yon moon there sets, you and the field hands are going to attack the house!"—She stopped abruptly, not wishing to prove that she really knew nothing at all.

"Aha!" he cried, recovering his courage: that is to say, his vanity. "Moonset! You're not so wise then after all. And they say at Port-au-Prince they've abolished ghosts as well as masters, and Kings and slaves. Moonset! No, indeed. The attack's to be when!"

"When?"

"Aha—as if one tells secrets to a girl! Whenever it is to be—that's when."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A DOSE OF PHYSIC.

Never was Nance Derrick able to tell how she contrived to vanish all in a moment out of the reach of Alcibiade's arms and eyes. Even the whole significance of her meeting with Francis Carew and Cucumber Jack faded for the moment before the secret she had just learned. She ran, or flew rather, back to the house, heedless who, were it Francis himself, should see her—

anxious only not to alarm her mistress before there was need. Happily, when she hurried into the book-room, she found Dr. Carrel alone, poring over a huge folio of manuscript notes, in which he was so absorbed that he did not lift his eyes when she appeared. He was evidently, as usual, sitting up to study after Madame and the guests had retired. To disturb him at such a time was supposed to be fraught with such unknown and terrible consequences to the entire universe that nobody had yet dared to do it—not even Madame. And even now, in spite of what she had to tell, it required some courage for Nance to dare.

"Sir!"

No earthquake followed. The Doctor merely woke up from his brown study, placed his forefinger on the last word he had read, scribbled with his pencil a short note in the margin—that was all.

"Ah—Nanette! What is it?" he asked. "Ah—it is late, I suppose. Well, well. Late or early, I must think this case out to-night—or no sleep for me. Good-night, child. You may lay some bread, and some fresh water, and a lemon or two, on the table, in the usual place, and then I shall want nothing more. Don't interrupt me now, there is a good girl."

"But I must—I must! I have heard—that all the slaves have been made free!"

"Eh? That would be news indeed. But indeed I have done no such such thing: neither I, nor Madame—Come: go to bed, Nanette. You know I have forbidden you these late hours. Bed is the place to dream."

"But the news is from France—it has come to Port-au-Prince to-day, and it has come on here!"

"Ah. So, having enslaved the free, they will free the slaves? Bah! They are always proclaiming something new. They will be proclaiming to-morrow that the heart shall be on the other side, according to Doctor Sganarelle. Very well: then to-morrow I shall proclaim that the news is nonsense. Who told you this tale of a cock and a bull?"

"Alcibiade—and?"

"Then Alcibiade shall tell it also to me. Nanette, you are an intelligent girl, and do more credit to my system than even I most sanguinely believed. But this case, which Providence has to-day sent me, is one in ten thousand: nay, in a thousand thousand, and more. It will interest you more than anything I have told you yet of the caprices of that most exquisite organ, the human brain—so strong that it will work miracles: so delicate that its balance will be upset by a feather: more mysterious than all the stars in the sky: always maddest when grandest, so that one knows not a great maniac from a great man!"

"Doctor Carrel! The news has driven them mad—Alcibiade and all: they are to attack the house to-night: and what then—God knows!"

"Eh!"

"It is as certain as I stand here! What is to be done?"

"They mean murder—worse than murder, I am afraid—and any moment may be the time!"

He rose from his seat at once, felt her pulse for a full minute, and looked deeply and keenly into her eyes. "There, there. Go to bed," said he. "We are not at Nantes: we are at Les Bouquets, among our own children, whom we love, and who love us again. What should they want with freedom—to starve? Bah. It is the Convention is mad: not they. Why, there is not one who would not lose his head, rather than hurt should come to a little finger of Madame. They are children, true: but they are good children. And you must be a good child too, Nanette: and not be frightened by nonsense, and go to bed when you are told. If anything happens, I shall be here and awake; but nothing will. . . . There. You have observed the valet of Monsieur de Carew? That is the most acute case of *nostalgia*, what you English call the Homesick, that ever was seen. We must be conspirators, we three—Madame, and you, and I. I must keep that case in my hands, till it is studied and cured. We must not throw away the gifts of Providence, who is so good to us all. Whatever Monsieur de Carew's business, we must keep him here."

Nance clasped her hands in desperation. How was she to make him understand that, instead of being any longer a father among his children, the word had gone forth from France that the good doctor was a tyrant deserving only chains, stripes, and death at the hands of those to whom neither he nor Madame had ever done an unkind deed or spoken an unkind word? They not only looked upon Les Bouquets as an earthly paradise, but had done their best to make it so. But—though this was beyond Nance's philosophy—there was about every spark which flashed from the Reign of Terror a sort of magic that made the mildst forms of human earth burst into volcanoes wherever it fell. It was not only that she had read through the thick but transparent skull of Alcibiade. She had felt something lurid in the air: and she knew that there was at least one desperate murderer at Les Bouquets.

A murderer! Why had not her mind leaped to the meaning of all this mystery a good hour ago? Somebody must have brought the news from Port-au-Prince that was stirring up the plantation to rebellion. The murderer of Depe Wood had been walking in the same moonbeam where, an instant afterwards, she had learned of the plot from Alcibiade. For what desperate cause, over and above private murder, were Francis Carew and his comrade wandering about the world—in what desperate career were they engaged? She had felt that her master was lost, body and soul, so soon as he left his native shore, and that, all because Mabel Openshaw's cold heart could not love him enough to save him, he had set sail straight for the devil's harbour. It was he and his comrade—who else?—who had come to turn the paradise of Les Bouquets into what threatened to be a Reign of Terror, like that of which she had been told. She could not understand—for who could understand?—but she could see. Was it not clear as day that Francis Carew had, in some wild humour, joined the unholy league which (as Dr. Carrel had taught her) was vowed to the slaughter of Kings, to the enthronement of madness, and to the delivery of the whole earth bodily to the fiend? It was no longer strange, had it ever been strange, that he should have come to Les Bouquets, for Les Bouquets was just such a paradise as would pre-eminently attract one whose mission was to corrupt and destroy. . . . And there sat Dr. Carrel, again absorbed in his notes, as if it were not a wise man's first business in those days and on such a night to believe all bad news, and to fear worse than he heard. And there lay Madame, doubtless asleep, and dreaming all manner of gracious and happy things, while ineffable villainy was waiting around to burst forth any moment at a sign—Ah, from whom?

It was terrible. It reminded Nance, only with twice the bitterness, of when she prayed for justice, and none would hear. She might as well have been born dumb, so deaf seemed all the world to her words.

All these things had passed through her mind in a moment: for every moment now had need to do the work of an hour. "Oh, Monsieur," she cried, "What shall I do to make you comprehend! I can only warn—I am not a man—would to God I were! The man you think mad—he is no more mad than I. It was he who killed my father in the woods at home: and he is here—here: it is he who is come with the news; it is he. Oh, Monsieur, for the sake of all you have done for me, listen: in a moment it may be too late for another word. For God's sake, think of Madame!"

"You are getting troublesome, my child," said the Doctor. "I did not look for this: no, not at all. I do not want two cases altogether upon my hands." He spoke gently, but looked very grave, as he again rose, took a small phial from a drawer, poured a few drops into a tumbler of water, and handed it to her. "Drink this, and go to bed at once," said he. "No: not a word more. Be at peace: nothing will happen; and, if it should, I am here. I understand all. There. I am not vexed with you, my child—but go."

He nodded a good-night, and fell to his notes again. She had mechanically swallowed the potion, and, finding he had made himself both deaf and blind, wandered from the room to watch for the faintest sight or sound that might prove her words. As soon as she turned her back, the Doctor pushed aside his notes with a sigh. "Poor girl!" said he. "The trouble has gone deeper than I hoped for, after all. Who would have looked for a relapse, when she had become as sane as Antoinette or I? Yet I will defy the whole faculty to find a flaw in my treatment, from beginning to end. She was cured—and now, if I have not given her a long night's sound sleep, she will wake to-morrow a witch again. Ah, if I could but guess at the cause! Yet what cause need there be? I wish I had got to care less for the child. I wish she were still only a case, like the home-sick Englishman. . . . Well, well. Courage: and *nil desperandum*, Jacques Carrel. Heaven has sent you a case of *desperandum*; and here you are grumbling as if a chronic case for study were not a thousand times better than a cure too sudden and soon. Yes: to-morrow we shall have the witch-work all over again—poor, poor child!"

Nance had left the room only in part to make herself a watch-dog; but still more to discover if a moment's quiet thought would clear her brain, and teach her how to disabuse the Doctor of the belief that all brains save his own were but studies in the science of mania. The whole of that night was getting to feel like some hideous nightmare, in which were chaotically blended all persons she had ever seen, and all things she had ever known, together with a thousand she had never known or seen. Even under this stress, she dared not wake Madame Carrel. Madame would run in a panic to the Doctor; the Doctor would soothe her with a word, and bid her go back to bed: and forthwith back to bed that loving wife would go, assured that while her husband watched over her all must needs be well. For the rest, all was a nightmare indeed. Space was annihilated between Stoke Juliot and Les Bouquets—between homes far off yesterday and to-day. She would have felt no surprise had old Horneck's black steeple suddenly come into sight beneath the setting moon, though setting behind yonder strange sierras and throwing her last beams over tropical lagoons. Squire Carew of Hornacombe, with

Cucumber Jack, leading a regiment of black slaves to revolt, a French doctor, and murdered Phil Derrick's daughter watching it all with helpless eyes—could it be aught but a dream? Would it were! Would that she were about to wake, and see the sun scattering diamonds over Hornacombe Sands. And not only was all in dreamlight, but all was still and silent as a dream. The lakes and the hills lay in a vast and beautiful sleep: she could hear her own heart beat, all was so deeply still.

Was it possible that such a scene of peace could be but a calm before a storm? Alas, she might have answered no, and have put her trust in seeming, had it not been that the roof beneath which Madame slept like a child and the Doctor watched like a sage, covered also those two men, one of whom she abhorred with her whole soul—of whom the other she loathed herself for not loathing. With the clearness that belongs to dreams alone, because then alone are we proof against surprise, she knew why these men were there. Was there nothing to be done? Had Heaven placed her there in vain? Was her knowledge of them, that should save those to whom she had become as a daughter, to be wholly lost and thrown away? And was Mabel Openshaw's lover to plunge at once into the depth of hell while Nance Derrick was standing helpless by?

We all know how the limbs turn to lead in a dream. Nance, who had the arrangement of all such household matters, knew where the principal guest had been put to sleep: and the inspiration came upon her that there was at least one thing she could do—if he was ringleader, as the Squire of Hornacombe was bound to be always and everywhere—she could cut him off from his following. Simply, she could turn the key upon him from the outside.

It was not much of a resource; but it was better than none. She had learned enough of the Negro nature to think it little likely to be Alcibiade Coup-de-Tonnerre, when one like Francis Carew of Hornacombe had come with the news. It might not be he who was to give the signal of revolt; but then it might be; and, if it were not he, it might well prove the salvation of the household if she could contrive to keep the leader away from his followers for only a few minutes, if she could manage no more. This was a planned scheme: and the better the plan, the more easily it can be thrown out by a straw. If the signal were given, she could still picture to herself the blacks, who were but children, thrown into confusion for want of a head, and thence into a panic with which even a woman's hand would know how to deal. For both thought and fancy were passing into a fever of exaltation, and were mingling strangely with one another, so that fancy seemed thought and thought seemed fancy: no chance seemed unlikely—no deed too hard.

At any rate, if she could do nothing else, she could try to do Mabel Openshaw's proper work—to keep Francis Carew from desperate crime.

Nance, therefore, stole gently along the corridor towards the guest's bed-room, trusting more and more to instinct, and to the Providence which, if it sent Francis Carew and his comrade to destroy, had doubtless sent her there to save, if she would only trust, and follow whatever impulse came to guide her. I have said that, while her brain was in an exalted state of seeming clearness and unnatural wakefulness, her limbs were turning to lead; and, now, as she dragged herself almost painfully along the corridor, her eyes began to burn and she heard a dull murmur in her ears, something like the echo of the sea on the sands at home. But she could not spare a thought to herself—she was in a twofold agony, one for the good Samaritans who were sleeping, or studying for others, on a volcano; one for the man whom she loved and hated herself for loving. She was on fire with love, hate, gratitude, jealousy, revenge, terror, courage—God knows what else, and all at once and together. Her body was aching, but her spirit had no room for pain. At last she reached the door of the room where Francis lay. Suppose he was not there—suppose he had only made believe to retire, or had already left it, waiting to give or to receive the signal to rise! She had not thought of that: and she looked in, all trembling. A night-lamp was burning dimly; and, creeping in noiselessly, she saw Francis, lying half-dressed outside the bed, and sleeping soundly. That Nance Derrick would ever have been creeping, like a ghost, into the bed-chamber of Francis Carew, thousands of miles from Old Horneck's steeple, who, at the beginning of their story, could ever have dreamed? But then, to Nance, it was all like a dream.

It was no time for over-modesty. That he was sleeping, was too good a stroke of fortune, and, besides, it showed her there was still some time to lose. She did not give him a second look, but glanced round the chamber quickly. There were his pistols, lying upon his coat which he had thrown down carelessly—she stole them the first thing. There was his hat—she sent that flying through the open window, as its fall upon the turf would make no noise. Could he escape the same way? No—that was all safe enough: the window was barred, Spanish fashion, was thirty feet from the ground besides, and with nothing to climb by. Then she turned out the light, and groped her way back to the door, from which she had already taken the key.

Despite her swift silence, something must have disturbed him, for he moved impatiently, and turned over, muttering, "Mabel!"

Nance stood still: and her heart also. But he had not awoke: he had only taken a flight back to Stoke Juliot in a dream. She gathered herself together, crept out again into the corridor, and closed the door without a sound.

All she had left to do now was to turn the key. But, for some reason, her fingers felt numb to the bone. She had scarcely, after much trouble, fitted the key into the lock, and was trying to turn it, when the Doctor's opiate, the unknown enemy against which she had been struggling with all her might and main, at last prevailed. Sleep seized her, body and soul: and she sank down in a soft and senseless heap upon the floor, while a long, shrill whistle from without was the last waking sound that came to her ears.

(To be continued.)

Sir Richard Temple has been elected a member of the School Board for London, in place of Dr. Aveling, one of the representatives for Westminster, who has retired.

At the Shoreditch Townhall on the 6th inst., a sum of £350, subscribed in the neighbourhood of Hoxton, was distributed to the members of the police force who had been engaged in the capture of the Hoxton burglars. Two civilians who had aided the police also received rewards.

Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon-street, have forwarded to us samples of "Society" note-papers and envelopes, which they have just produced, in the new Regina and Princeps sizes, and in various qualities, to suit either steel or quill pens and different styles of calligraphy. Special attention is called to the novel shape of "Society" note-papers, which are considered to be a great improvement; and also to the "Wallet-shape" envelopes, which combine security with elegance.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

E N (Romford).—The solution of No. 2119 will be published next week.

E J W W (Croydon).—Thanks. We have referred to the magazine below.

K (Bridgewater).—If in No. 2116 Black play 1. P to B 5th, as you suggest, White's answer is 2. Q to Q 6th mate.

F H (Munich).—We note you retire the five-move problem. The others shall have our best attention.

W A (Old Romney).—We have not preserved the papers named, but we shall bear your request in mind when the next batch comes to hand.

P J (Broadmoor).—We really do not know to what you refer. All correct solutions received are acknowledged in due course.

H B.—The problem shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2109, 2110, and 2111 received from O H Bate (Richmond, Gupe of Good Hope); of No. 2116 from F E Gibbins (Tiffin), Olga Alexieff (Katovka, Russia), and Emile Frau; of No. 2117 from R J G, Pierce Jones, and Clement; of No. 2118 from J J Cridiau, A W Cooper, J Farrow, W Biddle, R H C (Salisbury), Wykehamist, Pierce Jones, Oscar Hartmann (Muhlen), and H P Biscoe (Cambridge); of O Dahl's Problem from Pierce Jones, Jumbo, and F M (Edinburgh).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2119 received from A W Cooper, C B N (H.M.S. Asia), L L Greenaway, H Wardell, I Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, J Hall, M T H, P Ferris, R H Brooks, L Desanges, T H Holdren, Kitten, George Jolecy, R A Rag (Mariboro), H Reeve, B H C (Salisbury), N S Harris, L Falcon (Antwerp), Clement; of No. 2118 from J J Cridiau, A W Cooper, J Farrow, W Biddle, R H C (Salisbury), Wykehamist, Pierce Jones, Oscar Hartmann (Muhlen), and H P Biscoe (Cambridge); of O Dahl's Problem from Pierce Jones, Jumbo, and F M (Edinburgh).

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

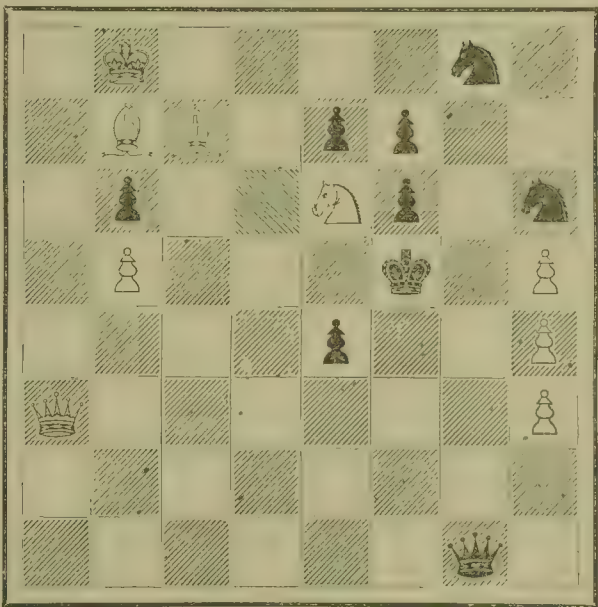
No. 2118. WHITE. 1. Q to K B 4th. 2. B to Kt 2nd (ch). 3. Q to K B 7th. BLACK. K takes Kt*. K to Q 2nd. Mate.

* If Black play 1. K to K 3rd, White continues with 2. B to K R 3rd (ch); if 1. B takes Kt, then 2. Q to K 5th (ch); and if 1. P to Q Kt 4th, then 2. B to Kt 2nd (ch), mating, in each case, on the third move.

PROBLEM No. 2121.

By J. BERGER (Graz).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

An interesting Game in which the Rev. G. A. MACDONNELL yields the odds of King's Knight to an Amateur of Bath.

(Remove White's K Kt from the board.)

WHITE (Mr. M.). 1. P to K 4th. 2. P to Q 4th. 3. B to Q 3rd. 4. P to Q B 3rd. 5. Castles. 6. P to B 4th. 7. Kt takes P. 8. P takes B. 9. R to K sq. 10. Q to B 2nd. 11. B to R 3rd. 12. Q R to Q sq. BLACK (Mr. R.). P to K 4th. P takes P. B to Kt 5th (ch). P takes P. Kt to Q B 3rd. P to Q 4th. B takes Kt. P takes P. P to B 4th. Kt to B 3rd. B to K 3rd. Q to B 3rd.

There is nothing in White's position to compensate him for the loss of two Pawns.

13. B to Kt 5th. 14. B takes Kt. 15. Q to R 4th. K to B 2nd. P takes B. R to Q sq.

Every exchange tells in his favour, and the doubled pawn is not worth defending, especially as the adverse Q R P is en prise.

16. Q takes P (at Q B 6th). 17. R takes R. 18. P to R 3rd. 19. K to B 2nd. 20. Q to B 5th. R takes P. B takes P. P to Q R 4th. R to R 3rd. K to Kt 3rd.

A very ingenious stroke for a rem'se.

41. K takes B. Kt to R 3rd (ch). Drawn game.

The return-match between the Counties of Lancaster and York, each side represented by eighty champions, was played at Manchester on Saturday last. Among the players for Lancashire were contingents from Liverpool, Lancaster, Leigh, Southport, Wigan, Blackpool, Bolton, Rochdale, Bury, Blackburn, and the several Manchester clubs. Yorkshire sent champions from Sheffield, Huddersfield, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Barnsley, and several smaller towns. Lancashire was again victorious, her representatives scoring 74 of the 132 games played on the occasion. The Yorkshiremen won 31 games, and 27 were drawn. After the match, there was a banquet, at which Mr. Bateson Wood presided.

The Athenaeum sustained a severe defeat at the hands of the North London Club on the 5th inst. There were ten players a side, and ten games were played, of which North London scored eight and the Athenaeum two.

The annual soiree of the St. Nicholas Chess Club was held in the Drawing-Room, Royal Pavilion, on Saturday; and, as usual, was the occasion of a match against the "Rest of Brighton." Great interest was taken in the event by all concerned, and no less than thirty players on each side gave in their names to take part in the contest. The match throughout was of a close and interesting character; at the end, victory rested with the St. Nicholas players by a majority of five games.

Our problem this week is from a collection recently published by Herr Berger, of Graz, a composer who has won high honours in many tournaments, national and international.

The first round of the tournament of the City Chess Club was completed on Friday last. One hundred competitors, divided into sections of ten each, are engaged in this contest, for the victors in which ten prizes have been provided, besides a special prize of £5 fs. presented by Mr. F. H. Lewis, for the most brilliant game.

A neat problem by K. Makovsky of Paris:—White: K at K sq, Q at K Kt sq, R at Q B 5th. (Three pieces.) Black: K at Q 6th; Pawns at K B 5th, K 5th and 7th, Q 4th and Q B 3rd. (Six pieces.) White to play, and mate in three moves.

The only gold medal for maps gained by any British exhibitor at the International Health Exhibition, South Kensington, was awarded to Mr. Edward Stanford.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the Most Noble Walter Francis, Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, K.G., late of Montague House, Whitehall, and of Bowhill, Selkirk, N.B., who died on April 16 last, was proved in London on the 30th ult. by William Henry, Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, K.T., the son, and the Hon. James Archibald Douglas Home, the executors, the total value of the personal estate in England amounting to £175,050 0s. 1d., and in Scotland to £435,318 11s. 3d. The will and codicil dealing with the Scotch property are dated Dec. 14 and 21, 1859, and the will relating to the English property, Aug. 8, 1883. The testator leaves £10,000, upon trust, for his wife, the Duchess of Buccleuch, in addition to the provision made for her by their marriage contract; his house in Hamilton-place, with the stables, he leaves to his wife, for life, and then to his eldest son, the present Duke; the Ditton estate in the counties of Bucks and Middlesex he leaves to his wife, for life, and at her death settles it upon his second son, Lord Henry; the wines, consumable stores, and growing crops at the mansion house and estate of Ditton, he gives to his wife, absolutely; and the books, pictures, plate, furniture, effects, and live and dead stock the Duchess is to have the use of, for life, and afterwards they are given to Lord Henry. The Beaulieu estate, in the county of Southampton, was settled by the testator on Lord Henry in his lifetime, and he now settles upon him the Clitheroe estate, Lancashire, but charged with the payment of various sums of money as portions for his other children, and of certain mortgages, amounting together to £161,000. The portions provided by the testator for his children by his wills and under settlements, together, are as follow, viz.:—Lord Henry, in addition to the estates so settled on him, £2000; Lord Walter, £56,000; Lord Charles, £10,000; and each of his three daughters £20,000, with an additional sum of £10,000 to his daughter Lady Margaret Cameron of Lochiel. His town residence, Montague House, with the furniture, plate, pictures, wines, books, and household effects, he specifically gives to his eldest son, and he assigns to him all his lands, tenements, and other heritages, and, in general, his whole means and estate, heritable and movable, in Scotland; he also leaves him all the residue of his real and personal estate in England. The present Duke also succeeds to all the large settled family estates in both countries.

The will (dated May 28, 1877) of the Right Hon. Georgiana Elizabeth, Dowager Lady Wharnclyffe, late of Tilney-street, Mayfair, who died on Aug. 22 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by the Earl of Wharnclyffe, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her estate and effects to her daughter, Lady Cecily Susan Douglas Scott.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1872) of the Right Hon. Lady Horatia Elizabeth Wardlaw, late of Princes-gardens, Kensington, who died on June 21 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by John Wardlaw, the husband, and Rowland Nevitt Bennett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £5000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to her husband; a conditional legacy to her godson, John Colin Wardlaw; and a legacy to her executor, Mr. Bennett. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her sister, Lady Ida Anna Waldegrave, for life; at her death, £10,000 is to be held, upon trust, for her niece, Mrs. Ida Waldegrave Bogle, and her daughter, Frances Ida Bogle; and the ultimate residue divided between her great-nephews, Francis and William Hervey.

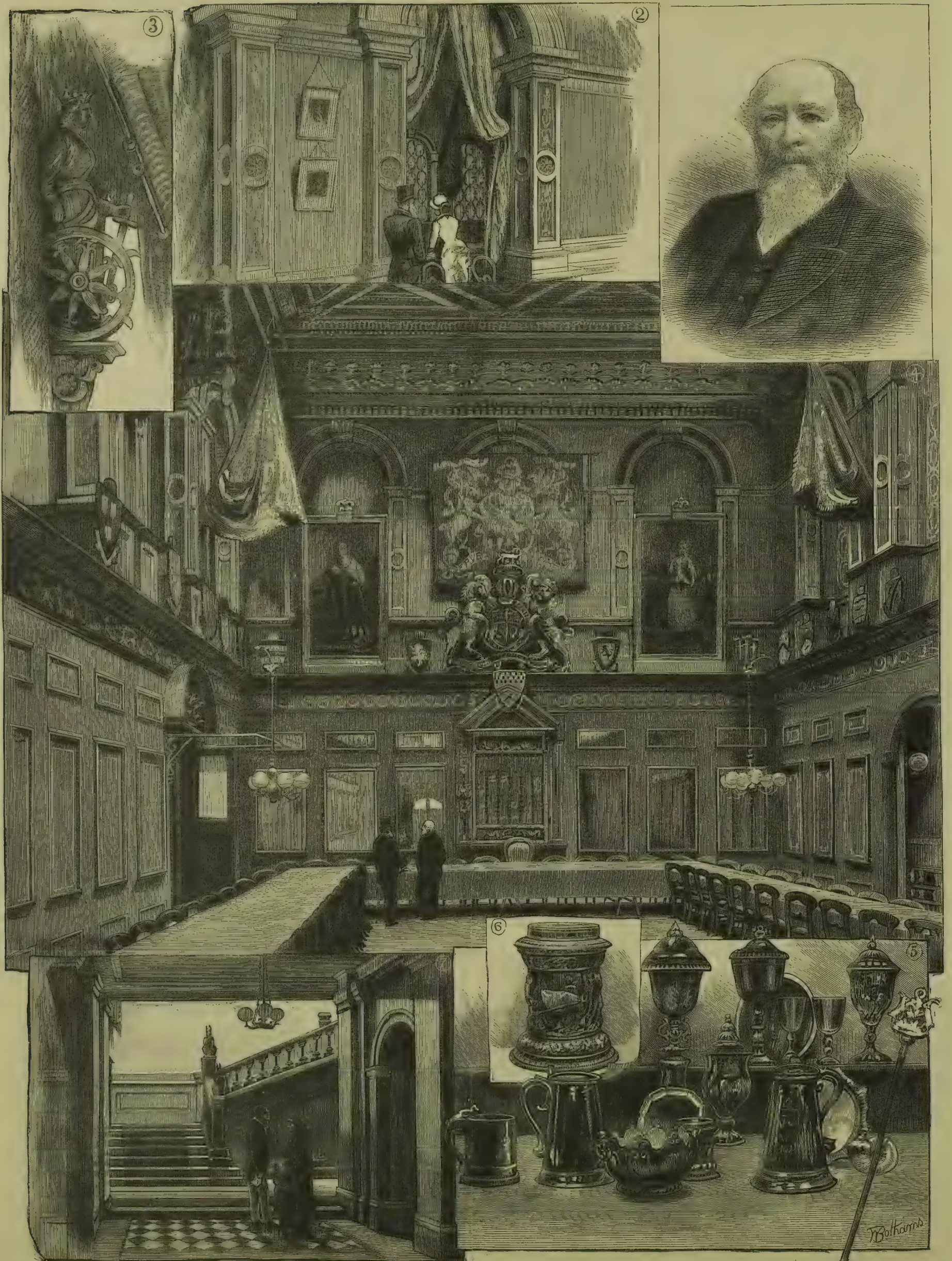
The will (dated Dec. 20, 1880) of Mr. James Price, late of No. 6, Clarence-terrace, Regent's Park, and 42, New Broad-street, who died on the 2nd ult., was proved on the 1st inst. by Henry Wilson Price, John Price, and Edgar Price, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £172,000. The testator leaves an immediate legacy of £5000 to each of his nephews and nieces (the children of his late brother, Charles Price); and, after making several small bequests to servants and others, directs that the residue of his property, both real and personal, be realised at the discretion of his executors, and divided between his aforesaid nephews and nieces in equal shares.

The will (dated April 14, 1883), with three codicils (dated Aug. 22, 1883, and Aug. 26 and 30, 1884), of Mrs. Eliza Hatton, late of Ivy House, York-road, Leeds, who died on Sept. 2 last, was proved on the 8th ult., at the Wakefield district registry, by Herbert Robson, the Rev. George Frederick Gibbs, and John North, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testatrix, by her will, bequeaths £1500, if she has not applied that sum in her lifetime, for a life-boat, to be called "The Eliza Hatton of Leeds," to be used at a town on the east coast to be selected by her executors; £300 to the Home for Seamen and Orphans, Hull; £150 each to the Society for Blind, Deaf, and Dumb Persons, and the Ilkley Hospital; £100 each to the Benevolent or Strangers' Friendly Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, All Saints' Sunday Schools, Leeds, and the Aged Governess's Society; and £50 to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. There are numerous other legacies, and the residue of her property she leaves to the Leeds General Infirmary, the Leeds Tradesmen's Benevolent Association, Cookridge Hospital, and the Unmarried Women's Society, either equally or in such parts as her executors may determine. By the third codicil the testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Leeds Blind Institution, in addition to the legacy left to it by her will; and £100 to All Saints' Church, Leeds, to be applied to some of the objects in connection therewith.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust, disposition, and settlement (dated Dec. 12, 1879) of Major-General John Charles Hope Gibsone, Colonel of the 17th Lancers, of Pentland, Midlothian, who died at Milverton, near Leamington, on July 18 last, granted to Major John Gibsone, the son, Francis Adam Bringlee, and Frederick Pitman, the accepting surviving executors, was sealed in London on the 15th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £24,000.

The will (dated March 5, 1881) of Mr. Jonathan Barlow, late of Nos. 6, 7, and 8, Queen-street, Oxford-street, coach and saddlers' ironmonger, who died on Aug. 6 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Harry Mellard, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £5700. The testator makes provision for his wife and step-mother; and he bequeaths £2000 between the Master Coach-Builders' Benevolent Institution, the Operative Coach-Makers' Benevolent Society, the Saddlers' and Harness-Makers' Pension Fund Association, the Amicable Benefit Society of Saddlers and Harness-Makers, and the Iron, Hardware, and Metal Trade Pension Society; and some other legacies. The residue of the pure personality he leaves to the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover-square, or the vestries of any of the adjoining parishes, at the discretion of his trustees, for the maintenance of public water-closets and urinals and their proper inspection, and so that the public may have free use from the public thoroughfare.

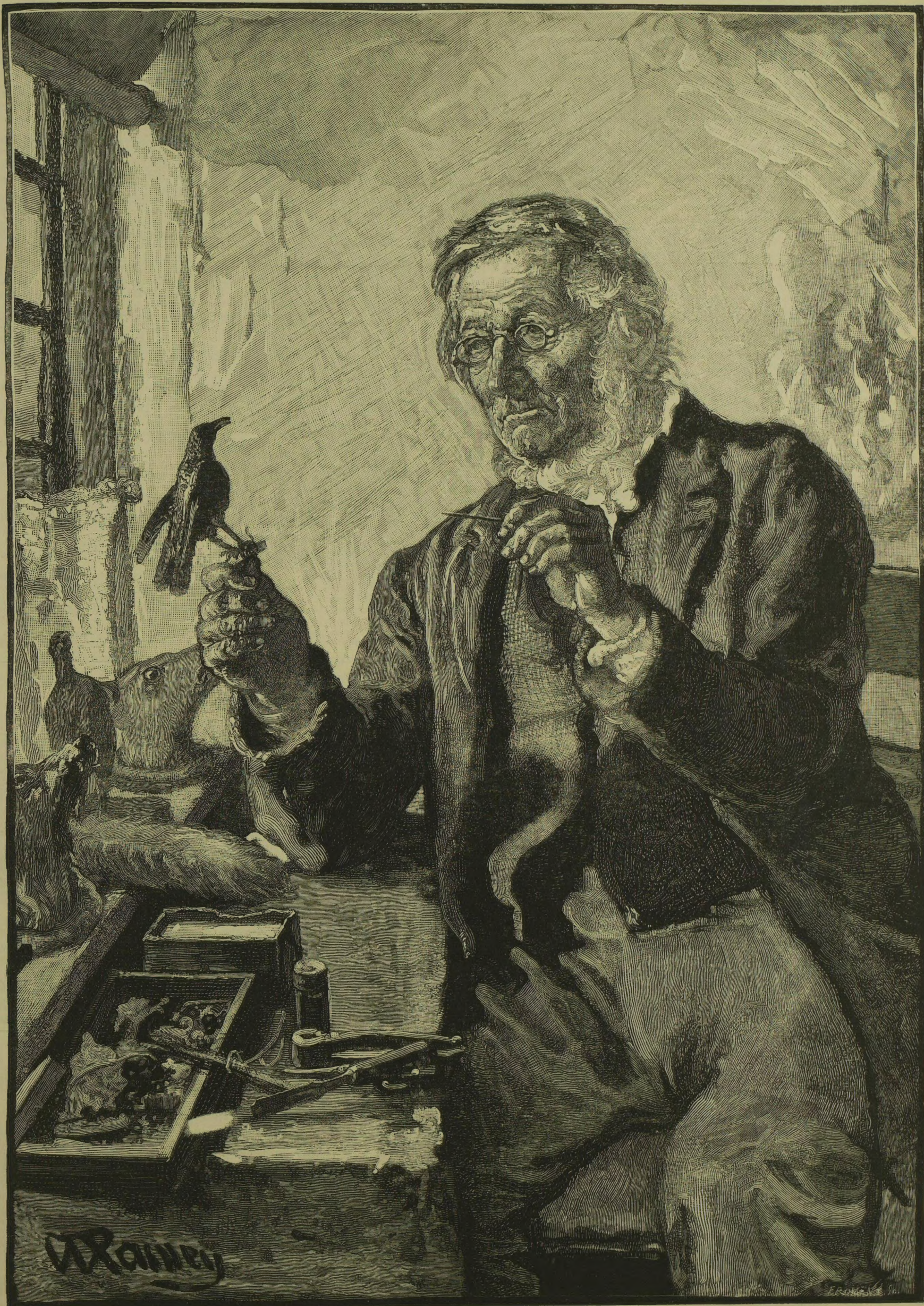
The Earl of Durham has remitted 10 per cent of the last half-year's rent to the tenants on the Lambton estates.



1. The Master (Alderman Sir F. W. Truscott).
2. Ladies' gallery, Haberdashers' Hall.

3. Figure-head of old state-barge in the court-room.
4. The dining-hall.

5. Some of the plate. 6. Cellini salt-cellar.
7. Entrance lobby and staircase.



THE BIRD STUFFER.—DRAWN BY W. RAINY.
SEE PAGE 478.

THE COLOURED PICTURES.

Most inapt to the present month is its epithet of "drear November," as, favoured by unusual weather, the air has yet an October freshness, and the leaves are but thinned, not gone. But by men whose town life links it with much discomfort, the month itself has been belied, as country dwellers know. In fact, though October is called "the month of months" for any rural district, it is known to all in woodland counties that the best month for it is November, as then, whilst but mere bare boughs are to be found elsewhere, there, all is sylvan beauty, as is seen at that time by so many men who then begin fox-hunting—that sport which some people think only consists of rash and random riding. Not so, however, as good sportsmen know, as besides the joy of a burst with hounds, there is the welcome joy of the ride to cover in the freshness of early morning—an autumn pleasure that gladdens all by the contrast of town and country, as is seen in the wealth of colour upon the woods, and in the greens that are all around you, as the underwood then shows more distinctly, as do the yews and hollies, the firs and pines; whilst the sweep of each meadow looks broad and bright through the hedgerows' sparser leafage.

Thus, for the noting of rural scenes and scenery, there is no time like those rides in November, to cover, in the heart of some leafy district. Say, we start to the Meet in the white mist—that is, full early—whilst the poplars sway to a southerly wind, and from the elms come golden showers. How fresh is the air then, and how calm is all, as we loiter along where the springy turf is being littered with leaves that come slowly down to their resting-place below, and where no sounds are heard but farm sounds, or the tinkle of gears, or, from old haunts, the cawing of rooks! It is pleasant, too, as we come to sequestered spots, where bending branches so interlace that the boughs meet overhead; where, with brambled banks and grey rails on either side, we look down the long dip in the half twilight to the vista on beyond, where we shall find, as we further go, bushed lanes, orchard-bounded, and pastures where kine move dreamily through the dew. Then, crossing commons, where gorse is still flecked with bloom, and fieldfares mix with the flocks of starlings, we bend again into turf lanes—where gipsies are always sure to be—and reach the shelving woods, where all is leafage; the glades rich russet, and the bracken golden—a type of perfect beauty. The very solitude of these big woods, that utter absence of all human sound—exerts a charm, as all you hear is rural; such as the whirr of wood-pigeons, the uprush of pheasants, or the rustle of rabbits as they run; and so you make your way through long dim rides, stopping perchance—whilst acorns patter on the ground about you—to watch a bead-eyed squirrel at a bole, nut-laden, hiding treasures.

Thus you go on, through copse and wood, through spinney and plantation, till you come to the open country, and its life—life at the farmsteads and in the fields; the woodman, and the hedger, and the ditcher, the bark of dog, the call of boy or man, the tap of gates, the cackle of the geese when whips are smacked by ploughmen ploughing stubbles; and then we hear the distant sound of horses on the road, as men, who presently will overtake us, ride, like us, to the Meet. Frank, friendly intercourse here intervenes, replacing observation—greetings with men, too, we have not seen for months, not since last season; and so the gossip goes, about that last run that we had together, and town life since; the racing, yachting, touring to all parts, the fall of grouse and partridges and pheasants, and much club talk; till, by-and-by, as we turn round a corner, we see before us, where men are gathered, that the sward is dotted with scarlet coats, and the

hounds are just coming up. Our servants spy us as we ride in then, and exchange our hacks for hunters. Then, as we look at the young hounds, we note the points of the old ones until the allotted time is up, when the Master suddenly waves his hand, and the pack move on to the wood below, where the varmint is viewed as he crosses the ride, and the huntsman cries, "Tally Ho!" Crash through the wood then away we go, and as the fox is halloo'd on the other side, the hounds to the open fly. So the hunt goes merrily to its final close, with a kill after fifty minutes.

S. B.

OBITUARY.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, K.P.

The Most Hon. Sir George Henry Robert Charles William Vane-Tempest, K.P., 5th Marquis of Londonderry, Earl of Londonderry, Viscount Castle-reagh, and Baron Londonderry in the Peerage of Ireland, Earl Vane, Viscount Seaham, and Baron Stewart in the

Peerage of the United Kingdom, Knight Grand Cross of the Russian Order of St. Alexander Newski, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Durham, Colonel 4th Battalion Durham Light Infantry, and Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant Seaham Artillery Volunteer brigade, died on the 5th inst. He was born April 26, 1821, the eldest son of Charles William, third Marquis, K.G., by Frances Anne, his second wife, only daughter and heiress of Sir Harry Vane-Tempest, Bart., of Wynyard and Long Newton, and succeeded to the earldom of Vane (conferred with special remainder) at his father's death, March 6, 1854. Subsequently, he inherited the Marquisate of Londonderry at the death of his half-brother, the fourth Marquis, Nov. 26, 1872. In 1867 he went on a special mission to St. Petersburg, to invest the Emperor of Russia with the Garter. The Marquis married, Aug. 3, 1846, Mary Cornelia, daughter and heiress of Sir John Edwards, of Garth, in the county of Montgomery, Bart., and leaves surviving issue three sons and one daughter. The eldest son, Charles Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, M.P. for the county of Down, succeeds as sixth Marquis. He was born July 16, 1852, and married, Oct. 2, 1875, Lady Theresa Sussey Helen, eldest daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, by whom he has two sons and one daughter. The late Marquis, before his accession to the Peerage, sat as Lord Seaham in the House of Commons as M.P. for North Durham, 1847 to 1854.

SIR G. F. HARVEY.

Sir George Frederick Harvey, K.C.S.I., late of the Bengal Civil Service, died on the 4th inst. He was born in 1809, the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Harvey, K.C.B. and K.C.H., by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of the first Viscount Lake. He entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1827, and was employed during the Indian Mutiny as Commissioner and Political Agent for Agra and Delhi, for which he received a medal. He retired in 1863, and was made Knight Commander of the Star of India 1867. Sir George

married, in 1835, Katherine Mary, only daughter of Mr. H. Paulin, of Crouchers, Essex, and was left a widower in 1872.

SIR C. GORING, BART.

Sir Charles Goring, ninth Baronet, of Highden, in the county of Sussex, formerly of the 12th Lancers, Captain 8th Sussex Rifle Volunteers, and J.P. for Sussex, died on the 3rd inst. He was born June 2, 1828, the only son of Sir Harry Dent Goring, eighth Baronet, by his first wife, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, April 19, 1859. He married, first, Feb. 11, 1850, Margaret Anna, daughter of Mr. Jones Pantton, of Plas Gwyn, which lady died in 1856; and secondly, April 25, 1857, Eliza, second daughter of the Rev. Capel Molyneux. As he has left no issue, the baronetcy devolves on his cousin, now Sir Craven Charles Goring, tenth Baronet.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., Postmaster-General, on the 6th inst. His portrait and memoir are given in this issue.

Rev. John McMahon Wilder, B.D., for thirty-six years Rector of Brandistone, near Norwich, on the 31st ult., in his seventy-third year.

General Charles Lavallin Nugent, late fifty-eighth Regiment, fifth son of the late Colonel Andrew Nugent of Portaferry, by Selina, his wife, daughter of the first Viscount de Vesci, on the 2nd inst., aged sixty-eight. He married Charlotte Alicia, daughter of General Pitt, and leaves issue.

Mr. Octavian Blewitt, suddenly, on the 4th inst. He had been for forty-six years secretary to the Royal Literary Fund, and was known to all European nations for his urbanity and industry. To him the Royal Literary Fund mainly owes its high position and prosperity.

The Hon. Mrs. George Devereux (Flora Mary), daughter of James Macdonald, of Clanronald, on the 5th inst. She married, first the Hon. Arthur Annesley, and had a son, Arthur, present Viscount Valentia, and two daughters. She married, secondly, Major General the Hon. George Talbot Devereux.

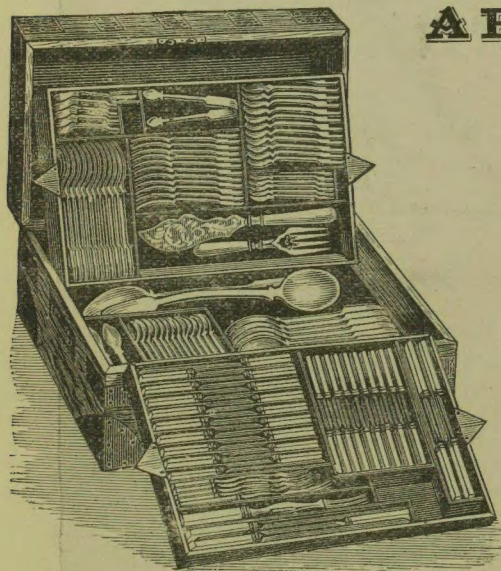
General Poole Vallancy England, Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery, on the 6th inst., at Dover, in the ninety-seventh year of his age. The gallant officer entered the Army in 1805. He served in the expedition to the Weser in 1805-6, and to the Cape of Good Hope and South America in 1806-7. In 1813 he took part in the campaign in the Peninsula, being present at the battle of Vittoria and the siege of San Sebastian, where he distinguished himself, and for which services he received the silver war medal with two clasps.

Messrs. William Collingwood and R. Thorne Waite have been elected members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The bazaar in aid of the Home for Destitute Girls, opened at Brighton by Princess Christian, closed last Saturday night. It has been a great success.

The trial of the captain and mate of the yacht Mignonette, for the murder of the boy Parker, at the Essex Assizes, came to a close on the 6th inst. The jury adopted the suggestion of Mr. Baron Huddleston that they should state the facts, declare their inability to find a verdict, and ask the direction of the Court above, which, his Lordship added, would consist of all the Judges. The prisoners were released on bail.

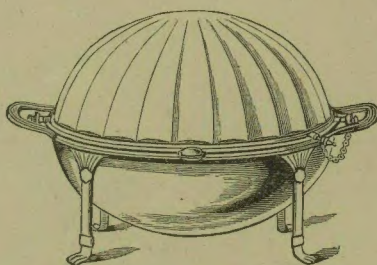
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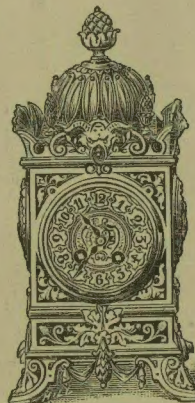
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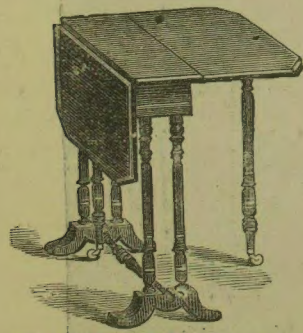
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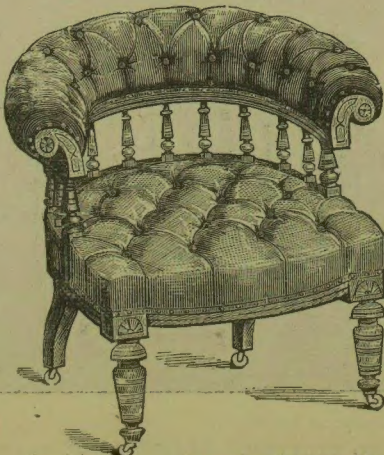
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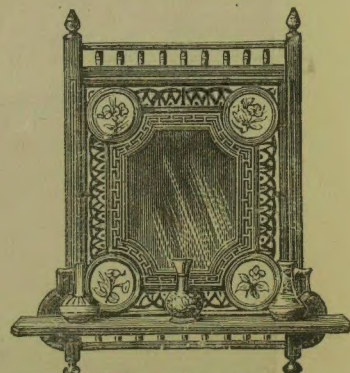
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THE EVENING MEAL.

Of all sights in the world there are few so beautiful and so suggestive—if one can witness it unobserved—as the sweet, playful earnestness—the lovely, self-forgetting devotion of a young mother to her baby. How her whole nature seems to rejoice and to develop by the possession of this dear object upon which she can lavish her affection, with the sweet watchful hope that her love is returned. The tie which links mother and child is of such pure and immaculate strength as to be never violated, except by those whose feelings are withered by vitiated society. Holy, simple, and beautiful in its construction, it is the emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth. As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with tenderness. When it wakes from its sleep there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is Heaven. What sympathy, what subtle companionship, what wonderful mutual understanding between these two. They want no other company in that quiet hour before the little eyes begin to yield to the evening visit of "the dustman," and while the simple soothing supper is made ready. How much deep



meaning is conveyed in that "little language," that cooing tone, that strange jumble of endearing epithets and nonsense rhymes and tender pretence of violent romping—surely this is the "foolishness that may easily bring to nought the counsel of the wise," who think to tabulate human emotion and explain everything by science. As Mrs. Barrett Browning sweetly sung:—

Women know

The way to rear up children (to be just):

They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make
no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words.
Which things are corals to cut life

upon,
Although such trifles; children
learn by such,
Life's holy earnest in a pretty
play.

But mothers must give a practical direction to their love, too. Those evening shadows may seem sometimes to be gathering in a kind of warning when the baby face looks fretful, the voice breaks into a plaintive cry, or the roses vanish from the round, soft cheek. Then is the time to inquire a little more closely into the constituents of that evening meal; to see what kind of food is coming for baby's supper, and to make sure that it is simple, pure, and so prepared by perfect cooking as to be fit nutriment for the fair, pure body that it helps to build into healthy flesh and bone. The greatest possible test of the genuineness of any article is its popularity, and, judging by this, there can be no two opinions but that the well-known Dr. Ridge's Food, specially prepared for Infants and Invalids, is the best and most reliable nourishment to be obtained. "Always good alike." Can be obtained of all Chemists and Grocers, and at the Stores.

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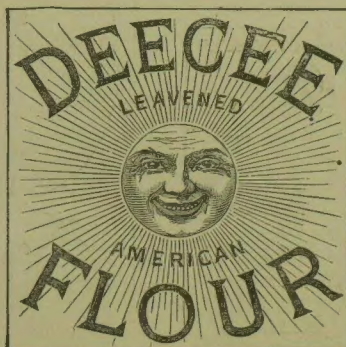
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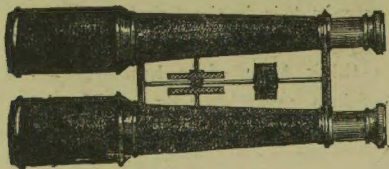
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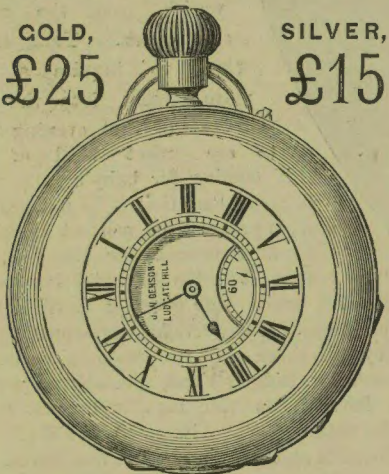
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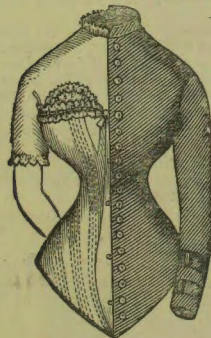
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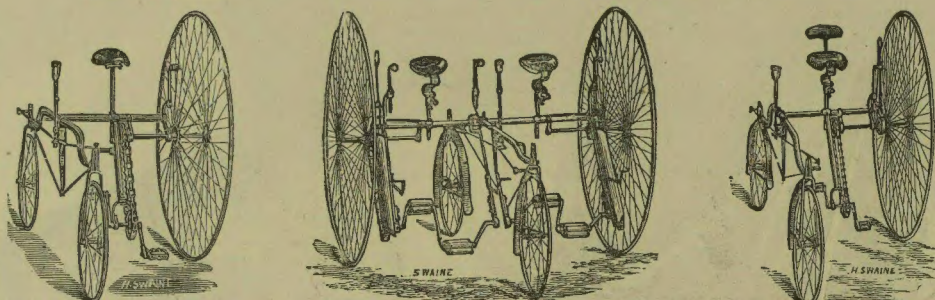


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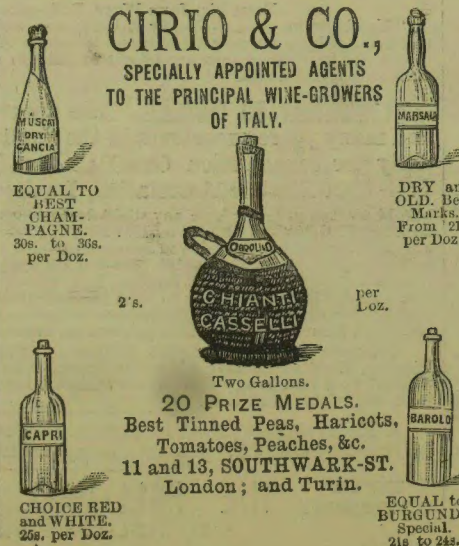
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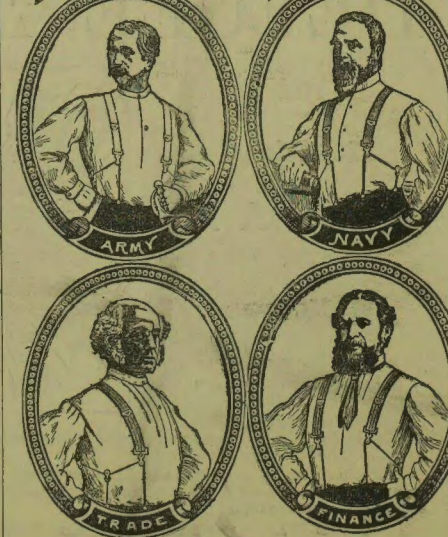
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